The Pacific.

REV. J. W. DOUGLAS, "First Pure, then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy." PROPRIETOR.

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Its Correspondence will extend to the Atlantic States, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands, and embrace the prominent points in our own State.

Its readers will thus be informed of all matters of public interest, whether at home or abroad.

THE PACIFIC is the organ of no Sect or Party. Started with no purpose of gain, and pledged to the great interests of Religion and Education, it commends itself to the consideration and support of every citizen of California.

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Poetry.

The Doomed Man.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below,
Like Eden, may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed:
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, Repent!
And harden not your heart."

Miscellaneous.

THE WORSHIP OF GOLD.

It is curious to look back on the fatal and universal prevalence of Gold-worship recorded in the history of our race, from the period when Midas became its victim, and the boy chased the rainbow to find the pot of treasure at its foot, to the days when the alchemist offered his all a burnt-sacrifice on the altar; until we reach the present time, when, although the manner of its worship has changed, the old idolatry remains in spirit the same. One or two anecdotes illustrative of the passion for gold worship may not prove uninteresting.

The hero of our first story—a chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps—was for many years of his existence an absolute stranger to the very sight of gold. He dwelt in a mountain *chalet*, in the peaceful contentment and ignorant simplicity of former ages—lord of his own freedom, with nature for his domain, and the fleet Alpine creatures for his subjects. By some unfortunate chance, however, he moved from this dwelling of his youth to the lower station, and to the side of a pass frequented by travelers, towards whom he was frequently called on to exercise hospitality. His services, and the shelter he afforded, were occasionally rewarded with gold, which, though of little actual use or value to him as a circulating medium, gradually exercised a strange fascination over his senses. He hoarded his guineas with the doting fondness of the miser; he looked on them with more pleasure than on the faces of his children; and listened to their chink with a satisfaction no tone of household love or sweet Alpine melody could call forth. It chanced one day that our hunter, in the pursuit of his ordinary avocation, perceived a tiny cavern hitherto unknown to him. He determined to snatch his hasty noontide meal beneath its shelter; and in order to enter it, rolled away a block of stone which obstructed the mouth of the fissure. To his amazement, its removal presented to his gaze a deep hole, in which a vase of considerable size was buried. He removed the lid, and there, fresh and bright, as if they were coins of yesterday, glittered before his eyes a multitude of golden pieces, mingled with shining particles of ore. A buried treasure of long past ages was before him. He took them in his hands, he clutched them, he stared at them with half insane delight. He could not, of course, divine how they had come to be in their strange hiding-place, or who had placed them there; the inscriptions on them—the figure of a lamb, which some few bore—said nothing to him. There appeared to be something supernatural in the discovery, and he wasted all the remaining hours of daylight beside the vase; then, as night closed in, he replaced both the lid and the stone above the treasure. He did not attempt to remove it to his own dwelling, nor did he breathe a word of his discovery even to his wife; but from that hour he became an altered man.

The love of gold is an absorbing passion, especially when thus embodied and materialized. He lived only beside his treasure; thither he bent his steps daily; nor left it till the gloom of evening hid the object of his idolatry from his eager gaze. His hunter's craft was neglected; his family pined for food; he himself grew gaunt and thin, anxious and suspicious; ever dreading that his secret might be discovered; restless and miserable, except when beside his wealth, where want, and hunger, and the sad, suffering faces of those he had once loved, were all forgotten. Only when the gathering darkness drove him from his hoard did he think of using his fowling-piece, and scanty was the provision thus obtained. In order fully and perfectly to contemplate his gold, it was necessary for him to stretch himself at full length before the entrance to the little hollow; his head and shoulders to the waist being thus within the cave, immediately outside. The cliff above the opening was nearly perpendicular, and had been much split and shaken by the frosts since an avalanche had deprived it of its crown of snow; but of his danger he was heedless or unconscious. One morning while lying prone, repeating for the fiftieth time his daily counting of the old coins, a portion of the rock detached itself slowly, and falling on his waist, pinned him to the earth, without however crushing or greatly injuring him. He uttered a loud cry, and made desperate exertions to raise it and free himself, but in vain; a force beyond his strength to resist had fixed him to the spot of his unhallowed and insane devotion. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more fearful death than the slow lingering one of bodily torture and starvation that must have followed. He was of course sought for as soon as missed; but the spot was unknown even to the most practised hunters, and it was more than a week before the body was discovered. The surprise and horror of his family may be imagined. They had never been able to comprehend his altered conduct and mysterious disappearances; all was explained, however, when the huge stone being removed, he was found—perhaps from his position involuntarily—clutching in his dead fingers the fatal gold.

We relate this incident on the authority of a Swiss lady who had seen the cave, and who assured us that the simple mountaineers avoid the spot with superstitious horror. To them there must have appeared to be some strange magic in the hidden treasure; and so to the calmest judgment it would seem, when in the ordinary course of life we behold, not only the fearful and painful sacrifices made for the attainment of gold, but the court paid, the homage offered to its possessors by those who have no hope of gaining any thing by their reverence for the mere name of wealth.

To come nearer home, our village at one time rejoiced in a gold worshiper, whose history is worth relating. While still young, and taking our daily walk with our nurse, we observed an old man working at the repairs of some miserably dismantled houses. He was a tall, gaunt personage, painfully meagre, and very ragged. His jawbones protruded distressingly, and his poor thin elbows looked so sharp, that one could have fancied that they had cut their way through the torn coat that no longer covered them. We pitied, and with childlike sympathy and freedom made acquaintance with him; always pausing to speak to him when we passed the spot on which he labored. Sometimes a little boy, a fair delicate child was with him, assisting in the work as far as his age allowed; and with this young creature we grew intimate, and were at length led by him to the old man's home. It was a very large, old-fashioned farm-house, but so much out of repair that only three or four rooms were habitable. These, however, were kept in exquisite order by the wife, who was a very pretty, sad-looking woman, many years younger than her husband. By her care the antique furniture, which must have counted its century at least, was preserved brightly polished; the floors were so clean, that the lack of carpeting was scarcely perceptible; and the luxuriant jessamine she had trained round the windows was a charming substitute for curtains. There was one peculiarity about the dwelling, of a striking kind when its apparent poverty and the character of its owner were considered: it contained a music room! in which was a tolerably large church organ, *made and used* by the miser himself. To the debasing and usually absorbing passion which governed him, he united a wonderful taste and genius for music, to gratify which he had constructed himself the instrument we have named, on which we have heard him perform in a style of touching, and at times sublime, expression, the compositions of Purcell, Pergolesi, Handel, &c. We have always thought this love of harmony in a miser a more singular and inconsistent characteristic than the avarice of Perugino or Rembrandt, since in their case the art they practiced fed their reigning passion for gold; nevertheless, so it was—old Mr. Monckton would go without a meal, see his wife and family want common necessaries, with plenty of money at his command, and yet solace himself by performances on the organ, which frequently went far into the night, startling the passing stranger by bursts of solemn midnight melody; for he never played till the faded daylight rendered it impossible for him to work at the various little jobs by which he added to his hoards.

He had two sons: the pretty child we first knew, and an elder one—a slim, delicate youth, who was by nature an artist. His father's parsimony rendered it, however, a difficult matter for him to procure materials for the exercise of his art, which was wholly self-taught; and it was wonderful to witness the effect he could produce from a bit of common lamp-black, or an ordinary drawing-pencil. His genius at last found aid in the loving heart of his mother, who secretly and at night—often while her strange husband filled the house with solemn music—worked at her needle to procure the means of purchasing paints, canvas, brushes, &c., for her boy; toiling secretly, for if she had permitted the father to know that she possessed even a few shillings, he would have extorted them from her. It was all she could do to help the young painter in his eager self-teaching; for she possessed no other knowledge than that acquired at a village school during her childhood. Her own fate had been a very sad one. She was a laborer's daughter, betrothed from early girlhood to a sailor, who was her cousin; but during one of his voyages—the last he was to make before their marriage—her beauty attracted the attention of the rich Mr. Monckton, and he offered to make her his wife. The poor girl would fain have refused him, and kept her promise to her absent lover, but her family were flattered and dazzled by the idea of her wedding a man known to be so wealthy, and she was not proof against their entreaties and their anger. She married him; her relatives, however, derived no benefit from the match their selfishness had made. The miser's doors were closed against them; and lest his wife should be tempted to assist their poverty at his expense, he forbade her ever seeing her parents. A weary lot had been poor Mary's from that hour she married. Her only comfort was derived from her children; and even they became a source of sorrow as they grew past infancy, and she found that her husband's avarice would deny them even the advantages she had enjoyed as a poor cottage child. They received no education but such as she could give them; nay, were made to toil at the lowest drudgery in return for the scanty food and clothing their father bestowed. She taught them to read and write; and afterward Richard, the elder, became his own instructor. There were many old books to be found in the farm-house, and of those he made himself master. The villagers, who had a few volumes, were willing to lend them to such a clever lad; and at length, as we have said, his genius for painting developed itself, and was ministered to by his mother's industry. We remember seeing his first attempt at original composition. It was boldly conceived and well executed, considering the difficulties under which he labored: the subject was Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun. It was shown to the clergyman of the village, a man of great taste, and a connoisseur in painting. He was so much pleased with it that he became the warm friend of the young artist, and, as far as circumstances permitted, his instructor in literature and painting. The younger brother inherited his father's taste for music, and was a quiet, thoughtful child, passionately attached to Richard, on whom he looked as a prodigy of learning and talent. Nothing, in fact, could be more touching than the attachment of these two brothers: at their leisure hours they were always to be seen together; their pleasures or sorrows were mutual.

The privations, injustice, and restraint to which they were subjected appeared to bind them to each other with a love "passing the love of woman;" and both found consolation in the mental gifts mercifully imparted to them.

About four years after we first became acquainted with the Moncktons, the fair, gentle child, then nearly fourteen, became ill; growing thin, pale, and weak, till his mother and Richard, in great alarm, besought old Monckton to let him have medical advice. The request produced a storm of passionate reproaches. "The boy," he said, "was well enough. He ate as much as was good for him. Did they think people could not live without gormandizing as they did? Did they imagine he should throw away his little means upon doctors, who were all a set of cheats? He should do nothing of the kind!" And poor Ernest was left to pine and wither, till Richard in despair sought out a physician, and telling him their story, besought him to come and see his brother, promising to repay the advice he asked by his future toil.

Dr. N—— was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He at once complied with the youth's entreaty, and called at an hour when the old man was absent at the farm. He found his patient worse than the brother's report had led him to believe. The illness was decline, caused probably by want of sufficiently nourishing food at a period of rapid growth, and increased by the overworking of a mind that was ever craving after knowledge. He prescribed such remedies as he judged best; but informed the mother, at the same time, that strengthening food was of the first importance, and would be the best means to effect a cure. Alas! how was it to be obtained? The heart of the miser was impenetrable to their remonstrances and entreaties—what was life in his eyes compared with gold? When they found that no human sympathy could be expected from the father, the mother and brother determined to use their own exertions to obey the behest of the physician. Early and late the former worked at her needle, the good doctor finding her as much employment as he could; while Richard, abandoning the study of his art, painted valentines, card racks, and fancy articles for the stationers, and sought eagerly for every opportunity of winning a few shillings, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of the beloved sufferer. But it was all too late: Ernest sank slowly, but surely.

There were intervals when life, like the flicker of an expiring lamp, appeared successfully with death; but these occasional brightenings were always succeeded by a more entire prostration and languor. The personal beauty, for which Ernest had always been remarkable, grew almost superhuman during his illness, and Richard could not resist stealing a little time from his busy labors to paint his brother's portrait. In the execution of this task of love, however, many hindrances occurred; and before it was more than a sketch, the dear original had passed away from them in one of those quiet sleeps which in such cases, are the usual harbingers of death. The painting was removed to Richard's chamber, and in the first agony of his grief, forgotten; but when Ernest had been committed to the grave, and life had assumed its usual monotony—more gloomy now than ever—he remembered his attempt, and resolved on finishing the likeness from memory. An easy task! for nightly, in his slumbers, he saw the fair, sweet face of his young brother. The second morning after he had resumed his pencil, he was startled at finding that the painting appeared to be in a more advanced state than he had left it the night before; but he fancied imagination must be juggling him, and that he really had done more than he remembered. The following day, however, the same phenomenon startled him, and he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. She was superstitious, and nervous from sorrow and regret; and she at once adopted the fanciful notion that there was something supernatural in the matter; suggesting the possibility of their dear Ernest's gentle spirit having thus endeavored to show them, that in another world he still thought of them and loved them. Richard combated the idea by every argument his reason offered him; but as he was convinced of the fact, and could give no satisfactory explanation of it, he was at last persuaded by her earnest entreaties to leave the picture untouched for two or three days, and see what consequences would follow. The painting progressed! daily, or rather nightly, it advanced toward completion. Every morning a stronger likeness of the dead smiled on them from the canvas, and a more skilful hand than the young painter's appeared to be engaged on the work. It was a marvel past their simple comprehension; but the mother, confirmed in her first belief, resolved to watch, and try if it might be permitted to her living eyes to gaze upon the child whom the grave had shut from her sight. With this hope she concealed herself, without Richard's knowledge, in a large closet in his bed-room—placing the door ajar that she might see all that passed in the chamber. Her watch was of no long duration; suddenly her sleeping son rose from his couch, lighted his candle, approached his easel, and began to work at the portrait! Much amazed, and half angry at the deception she believed he had practiced on her, Mrs. Monckton issued from her hiding-place, and spoke to him. He made her no answer; she stood before him—he saw her not; he was fast asleep! It was indeed a spirit's painting; for love had in this instance burst the bands of matter, and the somnambulist had achieved a work of art that surpassed all the efforts of his waking hours.

The story of the sleep-painting got abroad, and reached the ears of a gentleman of large fortune, who resided in the neighborhood. He called on the young artist; was pleased with his manners; and proposed engaging him as traveling companion to his own son, a youth about to visit Italy with his tutor; proffering a salary that would enable him to cultivate his genius for painting in the land of its birth, and of its perfect maturity. The offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted, and old Monckton made no opposition to his son's wish: he was only too thankful to be relieved from the burden of supporting him. Indeed the miser was somewhat changed since Ernest's death; not that he expressed in words any remorse for having preferred his gold to the life of his fair young son; but from that time he never touched the organ—the spirit of music appeared to have died with Ernest; and he often visibly shrank from meeting the silent reproach of Richard's eyes. The neighbors also shunned him; they had loved poor Ernest, and the conduct of his father towards him—the fact of his refusing to pay the physician who had attended him, "because he never sent for him"—and the mean, pauper-like funeral which he had grudgingly bestowed on the dead—revolted and disgusted them. A mean funeral was one of the offences the people of K—— never forgave! The old man probably detected something of their feelings in their manners, for he gradually gave up his ordinary work about the village—that is, the keeping in repair such cottages as belonged to him—and remained much within doors. This change of habits and want of exercise told fatally on three score and ten, and probably hastened his death, which took place two years after his son's. He died without a will, but left very considerable property. It was supposed he died intestate, either because he grudged the expense of making a will, or because he could not endure the thought of parting from the gold which had had the worship and service of his life. Richard, on his return, repaired the old farm-house, and restored it to something like comfort. He proved liberal, but not (as is frequently the case in such instances) lavish. The only piece of extravagance of which he was ever accused—and it was the village stone-mason who blamed him for that—being the procuring an elegant marble monument from Italy, the work of a first-rate sculptor, to place over the grave of his beloved brother. The figures on it were—an admirable likeness of Ernest, taken from the somnambulist's picture, and two angelic beings in the act of presenting the risen spirit with the palms and crown of victory gained over sorrow, suffering, and death. The inscription on the tomb had an awful and touching meaning to those who knew the story of the brother's life; and we know not how we can better conclude our sketches of the insane folly of gold-worship, than by finishing them with those solemn words—"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.—The London Illustratrated Times says that the Archbishop of Canterbury has confered the title of Doctor of Music upon Mr. S, P. Tuckerman, formerly of Boston, but now residing at York, England. The Messrs. Bond of Cambridge, were present at the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, and excited the marked attention of Prince Albert by exhibiting their daguerreotypes of the moon and other heavenly bodies. The Prince is also said to have paid very marked attention, on the same occasion, to Mr. Asa Whitney's explanation of his Pacific Railroad project.

TALLEYRAND, speaking of a well known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

WHAT IS FASHION?—A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

Ancient Egypt.

It is about half a century since ancient Egypt was first thrown open to modern investigation. That most remote and peculiar phase of human history had remained for many centuries, nay for several thousands of years, hidden from all the growing civilization and learning of the world.—From the day when the Roman arms made that hieroglyphical and half fossil kingdom a portion of their great empire, and thus introduced the Western world to an acquaintance with its extraordinary monumental remains, there has been no real increase of our knowledge until the period of our own generation. One long and great mystery has brooded over it all.

The first grand movement which threw light upon those obscure ages took place in the present century. It was forseen that the occupation of Egypt by the army of Napoleon, would furnish opportunities of an unprecedented kind for the investigation of these remains; and a company of artists and savans was accordingly sent out with the expedition. Their drawings and descriptions, which were subsequently given to the world by the imperial government, have illustrated the topography, the natural history, and above all, the monuments of Egypt. It was thus that the world was made fully aware of the extent and character of these remains; and the interest which enquiring minds had long felt, received a new impulse, to reach some insight into these ample, significant, and yet mysterious records.

The first clew to the interpretation of them was given by the discovery of the famous Rosetta Stone. This discoverery was due to an officer of engineers, who in superintending the construction of a military work, heaved up from the earth in which it had long laid imbedded, a black basaltic stone, the lower side of which he found covered with inscriptions. There were those at hand who were alive to the importance of every new discovery, and were competent to observe whatever Providence threw in their way. The stone was submitted to careful examination, and evidently promised soon to furnish a key to the mysteries. It was inscribed in three languages, one of which was hieroglyphic, and the others Greek and Egyptian; and as the second inscription merely repeated the idea of the first, it was conjectured that the mystic inscription of the hieroglyphic was only a third translation of equivalent meaning. It was supposed that a cartouch, or line enclosing several figures, stood for a name. But what was the relation of those obscure signs to the languages which accompanied them? What was the significance of each sculptured element? Until such questions as these could be answered, the monumental records were sealed, as before.

The problem was solved by two distinguished men, Young and Champollion, of whom it is now generally supposed that the former had the merit of originally suggesting the true method of reading—while the latter was the first to verify the theory of an extensive application of it. Young conjectured that each figure of the enclosure—as a bird, or a plant, stood for a single letter—the initial of its name; and that these initials were to be combined into words and sentences. The suggestion was eagerly caught up, and immediately tested; and notwithstanding some doubts with which it was at first received, it approved itself just and accurate, by the facility and success with which it achieved the desired elucidations. One after another the blank mysteries of those silent walls became instinct with life—intelligible—almost vocal. One name after another of monarchs and dynasties, of temples and cities that had been forgotten and unuttered for 4000 years, sounded again in the Egyptian air. One event after another of those long ages of forgotten history, was rescued from the oblivion into which it had fallen. One characteristic after another of the arts, the morals, the religion, of those strange and remote periods, was recovered from the wreck which alone remained; till the impulses and convictions of the earth's civilization stood as distinct in our view as the recorded and familiar history of later ages—almost as the events of the last century or the last generation.

The path thus opened by Champollion has been followed by several eminent men, each of whom has added to the general stock of knowledge upon this subject. Rossellini, under the patronage of the Tuscan government, pursued his investigations with Champollion; and their discoveries were published at the expense of that government. The two works of Wilkinson diffused a knowledge of Egyptian antiquities throughout England and America. While more recently, Lepsius, under the auspices of Prussia, has investigated the monuments anew; and his unquestionable learning and ample resources have enabled him to extend considerably the body of known facts. He is understood, moreover, to have pronounced with distinctness and decision upon the questio vexata of the whole subject—the early chronology of the Egyptian monarchy. Only one volume, however, of his work has yet reached this country, if indeed a second has been published. It is chiefly upon his authority that the recent statements of Bunsen, Humbolt, &c. rest, which are themselves echoed again in this country by Mr. Gliddon and others. And still the investigation goes on. Later than any of these an English scholar, Poole, of very high merit, has elucidated the Egyptian method of computing time, and made several important discoveries, of which we may speak more at length at another time.—*N. Y. Evangelist*

Deep Wounds.

When I was about twelve years of age—I remember it as though it were but yesterday—I one day got very angry with an older brother. I was angry, too, without a cause. He had been the best of brothers to me; but on this occasion he had refused to gratify my strong desire to have for my own, a little book I had seen him reading. I flew into a violent passion. I called him very bad names; and, although I can scarcely believe it, and only recollect it with grief and shame, I tore his clothes and tried to bite his arms.

In a few weeks, and before my proud spirit was humble enough to ask his forgiveness, that brother left home never again to return. He went far away among strangers to sicken and die. I never saw him again.—Oh! how often have I wished that I might have been permitted to stand by that brother's death-bed and ask pardon for my foolish passion. Useless wish! Unavailing regret! Even now, at this distance of time, whenever I recall the memory of that brother, and think of his kindness and love, the cup of pleasure is embittered by the dregs of remorse which the remembrance of that angry hour throws into it. Alas! the pangs of remorse gnawing my own spirit even now are far sharper than the teeth with which I would gladly have lacerated my brother's flesh. When I see that brother in my dreams he wears that same look of astonishment and rebuke with which he then looked upon me.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?" Oh! if children and youth who speak angry words to their parents, and call their brothers hard names, only knew what a fearful burden of "wounded spirits" they are storing up to press with mountain weight upon them in riper years, they never would suffer an unkind or disrespectful word to pass their lips.—*Christian Mirror.*

A Striking Illustration.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit association. The Blacksmith comes and says, "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association." "Well, what can you do?" "Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of iron implements." "Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith." The Mason applies for admission into the society. "And what can you do, Mr. Mason?" "Oh, I can build your barns and houses, and stables, and bridges." "Very well, come in, we can't do without you." Along comes the Shoemaker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society." "Well, and what can you do?" "I can make shoes and boots for you." "Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have you."

So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member. "And what are you?" "I am a Rum-seller." "A Rum-seller! and what can you do?" "I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses." "And is that all?" "No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers." "And what else can you do?" "I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt." "Is that all you can do?" "Good heavens!" cries the rum-seller, "is not that enough?"—*Poughkeepsie Blacksmith.*

A NOVEL CHALLENGE.—The Rev. Napoleon Roussel, a French pastor now in London, has made, says one of our exchanges, the Jesuit Father Ravignan the following offer: "Let us choose a room; you shall speak in it for one half hour; and for the next half hour I will simply *read* the Bible in the hearing of you Roman Catholics. If you refuse this offer, it will be known who it is that fears for his own cause, and who dreads the word of God."

The wily Jesuit has not accepted the proposal. He fears the Word of God even more than the wit of man. The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing the very vitals of Popery, and will one day be its death.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION IN CINCINNATI.—Three hundred families were found by a Bible distributor in Cincinnati, who had never seen a Bible; most of them were foreigners. They received him as an angel of light; they would hold him by the hand, while the tears streamed down their faces, and pour forth the expressions of their gratitude. They have often said that "they had heard that America is a fine country, and has a good people; but they never expected to see such things." He has never known a foreigner, newly arrived, to refuse a Bible.

THE PACIFIC.

SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1851.

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REV. J. PARKER,..........Mormon Island.
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REV. I. H. BRAYTON,..........San Jose.
" "..........Santa Clara.
DR. W. S. KING,..........Monterey.
CAPT. W. G. DANA,..........San Luis Obispo.
W. T. B. SANFORD,..........Los Angeles.

Christian Courtesy.

It ought ever to be held in high esteem. Its value is great, and it costs but little. It is the natural manner of those who do not "think of themselves more highly than they ought to think."

But it is liable to be disregarded through inadvertance, and the effect is the same as though it were designed. It is therefore necessary, in a new state like ours, where violations of christian courtesy have rarely, if ever, occurred between the different denominations, to direct attention to the subject.

In a new field, so wide and inviting as ours, where all are laboring with the vigor and earnestness of youth, mutual confidence once established as it is, can be easily maintained. Where each can know to a certainty that whatever is done by others that may seem uncourteous, cannot have been so intended, there is little danger of the uprising of sectarian jealousy.

Careful attention to a considerate and courteous treatment will forever bar its entrance. There is no danger of its arising from the re-opening here of the Theological discussions of past generations. Those who compose the ministry in this State came here for no such purpose. And those questions on which we differ are well and accurately defined, and it is not possible to create any misunderstanding concerning them. Alienation of feeling, then, and jealousy will creep in, if it come at all, through a neglect of that generous and courteous treatment which ought always to characterize those who profess the Christian name.

Each must remember that others have, not only interests and rights of their own, but *feelings* also. And if Christianity controls us, if its spirit pervades our conduct as it ought to, we shall be as sensitive to that which will injure and wound the feelings of others, as our own.

The spirit of courtesy will be sure to be violated if any denomination should gather itself withtn its own enclosures, aud bend all their energies to build itself up, regardless of everybody else. Such narrowness of view is as inconsistent with the large hearted spirit of Christianity, as it is contrary to the prevailing principles of political economy.

Science and Art are bringing the distant parts of the earth in close proximity, and no nation can now wall itself in and refuse intercouse with the rest of the human family, or devote all its energies to its own exclusive aggrandizement. Each may maintain its own domestic policy, and the integrity of its own social organization, but it must concede to others what it claims for itself. So let every branch of the church labor by itself, and do good through its chosen organization, remembering always that there are others all around, though differing in some respects, yet aiming at the same grand result, and equally fond of their own manner of doing their work.

The Church is called "the body of Christ:" It has members. If there is a branch that ought to be called the "hand," that member will not lay hold of its work, indulging in the conceit that there is nothing else of importace going on, beside what itself is doing! It will never point the finger of scorn at the foot as if that clumsy member was not also "of the body."

The head will not lift itself aloft in pride as if there were nothing more of the body but itself. But in the true spirit of *courtesy*, each accords to others their due importance and concedes that their prescence is as necessary to the completeness and integrity of the body as its own.

God made the body harmonious, and so placed every member, that in the exercise of its office no other would be interfered with.

So may it be with Christ's Church here. Let the true spirit of charity and Christian Courtesy pervade it, and appear in the actions of its members, and various branches toward each other, and all will be as harmonious as the working together of the various members of the body,—securing to it strength, vigor, and efficiency.

STOCKTON.—The Stockton Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, held its anniversary meeting in the Methodist Church, on Sunday night. The Rev. Mr. Buell delivered the sermon, and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

President.—J. D. Ferris, Esq.
Vice President.—Rev. Mr. Morrow.
Secretary.—Rev. Mr. Wood.
Executive Committee.—Rev. Mr. Gridley, B. W. Owens, Mr. Robbins, Dr. Pierson, and E. N. Thompson.
Treasurer.—Mr. J. F. Lamdin.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We are indebted to the Hon. E. Gilbert for a copy of Foster & Whitney's report on the Copper Mines of Lake Superior. It is a work of much interest, printed by order of Congress.

How a Pious Miner should Spend the Sabbath.

Of course, *he will not work.* Six days he may tunnel the hills, turn the rivers, sink his shafts, crush his quartz, and cradle out and pan-out the banks and beds of the streams; but the *seventh*, is the Sabbath of the Lord his God—in it he may not dig nor blast, nor rock for gold. His tools will be laid aside. He will rest from his toil.

Nor will he "*prospect*" on that day. This would be only a part of the work necessary to mining. It would be no better than mending his clothes, or blowing the dust out of his gold. The merchant might as well unpack the goods on Sunday he expects to sell on Monday. The engineer might as well overhaul his boilers, or adjust his engine, on the Sabbath, for his coming week's work. "Prospecting" is as much a breach of the Sabbath as actual mining. It as much defeats the real objects for which the day was "made for man."

Nor will he *trade* on the Sabbath. It might save time. It might save some inconvenience; but time and convenience are not to be placed in the scale with principle and duty. Trading is work, as truly so as digging. It is unnecessary work on the Sabbath. In some respects, it is worse than mining. He who digs may do it *alone.* The prospecter may go out alone to violate the Sabbath. But the trader causes another also to break the day. The buyer involves the seller in his sin. The conscientious miner will therefore buy his supplies during the week, and not encourage the trader in his Sabbath violations. Nor will he buy or sell his claim on that day; nor bargain for this, that and the other thing, though he go not out prospecting nor to the store.

Nor will he go *in quest of amusement* on the Lord's day. He will not be found in the bar-room or the gambling-saloon, to see what he can see and hear what he can hear. Noise and blasphemy are there, and not the quiet and prayer becoming the holy hours. He will not be found with his rifle or fishing rod among the hills or by the stream. In these there is diversion but no devotion. His steps will not draw nigh the race or the "fight." Curiosity might there be gratified, but the soul would not be fitted for heaven. If to these places and in these employments, the professing miner resorts, to while away the tedious Sabbath, he had better throw off his mask, and be an honest though a bold transgressor. He had far better dig, and so break the Sabbath outright, than pervert the day to vitiating amusements.

Nor will he simply *rest* his body. That much the ox is permitted to do, simply because he will do more work during the following week. And if the miner rest from his work, simply because he can get out more gold during the days allotted to work, he turns his Sabbath into gain. He makes the suspension of labor simply a matter of profit and loss. In such an observance of the Sabbath, there is policy, but no religion. The miner, professing godliness, who simply suspends his labor, does but half his duty. He remembers the day, but does not keep it holy. He does his duty to his body, but neglects his soul. Idleness is not a proper observance of the Sabbath.

Nor will he make it *simply a day for writing to his friends.* We fear many do this and nothing else. To a certain extent, this may be a delightful and profitable way of spending a portion of sacred time. It is a kind of communion with distant loved ones. It keeps alive the affections. It strengthens ties. Of course every Christian will be as careful what he writes on that day as much as he would what he *speaks and does.* But to give up the whole day to that purpose, or make it all of the intellectual and heart work done in its holy hours, is serving self and friends, but neglecting and forgetting God. It is keeping alive the natural affections, but letting the religious affections die. Plainly, therefore, no Christian can so devote his Sabbaths. The Christian miner has other things to do.

He must make the Sabbath a RELIGIOUS DAY. Like other Christians, he should prize and welcome it most for its religious privileges. His peculiar circumstances do not dissolve his obligations to keep it religiously. Inconveniences are no release from duty. Habits of society do not abrogate a commandment of God. Absence from a house of worship need not shut up the temple of the heart. The absence of a preacher does not seal up the Bible. If others do work, or trade, or prospect, or visit, or waste their time in bar-rooms or saloons, or at places of amusement, if there be not another near you who fears God and keeps his commandments, you need not be deprived of a devotional Sabbath. Somewhere you can get alone. There, with your Bible and other religious books—perhaps with one other companion—or, if not—alone with God, you can spend a delightful day.

But more another week.

THE NEW CHURCH EDIFICE IN STOCKTON STREET, erected by the First Presbyterian Congregation, though not quite complete in its finishing, will be opened for public worship on Sunday next. The services of the morning will be conducted by the pastor, the Rev. A. Williams: those of the evening, by the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, of the First Congregational Church. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Our apologies are due to many of our Subscribers for some irregularities attending the delivery of their papers. Causes we could not control have produced this. Our arrangements now are of such a nature as entirely to obviate all such difficulties in future.

Education in California.

How, where, and what schools, academies and colleges are to be established in California, how they are to be governed and sustained, with what teachers, books, and methods of instruction to be made efficient, are questions demanding wisdom and experience for their settlement. But good men have come and are coming to California competent to arrange all the details of a large and comprehensive system of education. We have no fear, if the State moves under the guidance offered, that it will not move in the right path, in, as Milton says, "the right path of a virtuous and noble education, laborious indeed at the first outset, but all so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." What we do fear, is that the people will not move at all only as they are lifted by main strength. That those that are willing to undertake the severe and laborious task of commencing the work of education in California will not be cordially received and helped forward. That if they offer to keep schools, they will have to build their school-houses and seek out their scholars. That if they propose to lay the foundation of a university, men will avoid them for fear of a subscription. That instead of action, united, direct and earnest on the part of the people and the State, individual effort will be left alone and looked upon as for personal benefit,

We fear this, because patience, reflection, a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a willingness to give and work where the returns are not immediate and tangible, are required to begin, carry on and perfect a system of education. It is a slow process at first, looking to the future. It has small beginnings. Its benefits are not a monthly revenue of dollars. The good it does is gradual, diffused, for Society, the State and the World as well as for individuals. And now in California there is too much self-seeking, too much haste, too little stability, too much of the individual, too little of the social, too much of the Present, too little of the Future for us to expect, at once, action based upon the duty and necessity of a work so humble in the beginning, so quiet and unselfish in its operations, so universal and lasting in its benefits.

We hope for a better time; for a time when our people will call California by those good old words "Our Commonwealth," because they feel what those words signify; when individuals will recognize their relations to Society and the State, and the latter its relations and duties to individuals and society; when California will cease to be run to, run over and run from! and the impressions will have passed away, that the institutions, fostered by the old states to their honor and influence, are not for California.

When we have reached this condition, teachers will be welcomed, school-houses, academies and colleges will be built and filled, and the means of a varied and large education provided. And this, because no state can be wise in its government, pure in office, happy in private life, succesful in enterprise, and respected by others, unless she has an educated and virtuous people.—We all know this. And when we settle down in our Commonwealth, satisfied to abide with her, and grow up to old age and be buried in her; when we think that our children will live in her, be taught or untaught, virtuous or vicious, as may be the opportunities and influences within her; when we have come to love her and feel an interest in her, so that, like the Athenian patriot whose last prayer was for Athens, we shall put up prayers that God would bless our Commonwealth, then we shall seek for the means of a complete and generous education, that which will fit men to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private of life.—We shall do this then as necessary for ourselves, our children, the State, and the World.

We have faith in this respect. Whatever difficulty and discouragement may now surround the effort to make California as rich in mind as she is in gold, they are to diminish. The institutions profitable for wisdom, as well as all other institutions which mark the progress, character, honor, and virtue of a State, are to be here. It is only a question of time. Of how much time rests with ourselves. California is not always to have this unsettled, extemporaneous and miscellaneous character. We write now to encourage those who have come here imbued with the spirit and ready and fitted for the work of establishing educational institutions which are hereafter to become the pride and ornament of the State. To say to them, be of good faith, nothing can prevent the result, though many obstacles may hinder it.

We write too, to ask the people and the state to take an immediate, positive and practical interest in this subject; an interest in every grade of it, from the humblest school-house to the tallest college, from the matter of sending children to school, to that of persuading Congress to give us lands to sustain schools. We ask them to encourage every man who comes here to devote himself to the work wherever he shall be wanted. To make the State feel that it has no more right to neglect the education of its people, than a father has that of his family. That to be ignorant now and here is almost to be wicked.—That our people above all others require the salt of knowledge and virtue to be scattered throughout the length and breadth of the state to keep them pure. That California must have for its strength, its happiness and prosperity, all the means of education which can be found elsewhere. That the sooner we act in this great interest, the better. For why should we put off the sowing of the seed when we know it will defer the harvest?

FOR THE PACIFIC.

Empty and Broken Bottles.

These [illegible] have been a conspicuous feature of San Francisco from the beginning; and not San Francisco only, but of all the towns and villages of California. Wherever we turn these sad emblems meet us. They are seen piled up in back yards, and at the corners of tents and shanties; they float in our docks; our streets, in some places, are literally *paved* with them. If *stones* preach, how much more emphatically do these empty bottles. They are eloquent of broken heads and broken hearts. They indicate squandered property and waste of time. They tell a sad story of impaired health, of besotted intellect, of midnight revels, of profanity, and debasing sensuality.

Many of the revolting scenes exposed in the Recorder's Court, have no remote connection with these cast-away bottles. The "evil spirits" that once tenanted their embellished forms, have entered into many a strong and noble man—a beloved inmate of the family circle—a talented and useful member of society—making him "exceeding fierce"—causing him to tear and rend himself and others, and bringing him in beastly insensibility to the gutter. They have done more. They have seized upon *woman*—God's last and fairest work—and regardless of her polished and graceful form, her tender sympathies, and gushing affections, have made her an object of public derision and scorn—a victim of this "Bottle Imp." These things did not come to pass at once; but the result was none the less sure, because it was not speedily accomplished.

Reader! whoever you are—young or old, high or low—*beware of the bottle.* It is *more seductive and more poisonous* in California than in the older States. If you are already addicted to it, be persuaded to abandon it for your own good, and for the sake of the example. If you have not yet formed an acquaintance with it, forbear I beseech you! Under whatever disguises it may present itself, whether as an healing medicine, an exhilerating beverage, or a pledge of good fellowship—beware! It is an enemy. If you parley with it, you are ensnared. If you trust its "specious lie," you are deceived and betrayed. It will kindle in your bosoms an unquenchable fire—that depraved and morbid appetite, that "grows with what it feeds upon," and forever cries, give! It will engender remorse, that "worm" in the bosom, that while consciousness remains, "never dies."

I implore you, then, to beware! By all the associations of your childhood and home—by your respect and affection for your distant relatives and friends—by your regard for the welfare of this new State—by all your hopes of usefulness and happiness in life—*beware of the bottle!*

God grant that the time may soon come, when we shall not stumble at every turn on these proofs that so deadly a foe is in our midst, and is preying upon our vitals.

Sons of Temperance.

On Monday evening the following officers of Excelsior Division No. 6, were duly installed by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, the D. G. W. P. of the Grand Division:

THOMAS J. NEVINS, W. P.
GEORGE W. MACRAE, W. A.
LANSING TOOKER, R. S.
THOMAS ELLIOTT, A. R. S.
ORIN D. SQUIER, Jr., F. S.
EDWIN HUDSON, T.
ARTEMAS DAVISON, C.
CHARLES N. TURNER, A. C.
JOSEPH B. KINGSLEY, I. S.
JOSEPH E. BULLER, O. S.
REV. JAMES W. CAPEN, Chaplain.

The W. P. on taking the chair, announced the following standing committees for the quarter ending the first of January:

Finance.—Lansing Tooker, George W. Macrae, and A. C. Messerve.

To Visit the Sick.—Rev. J. W. Capen, Rev. O. C. Wheeler, and Dr. H. B. May.

Ways and Means.—The Treasurer is chairman—Z. Snyder, J. E. Wolfe, C. N. Turner, and Ira Glynn.

Room.—J. E. Butler, A. Davison, and J. B. Kingsley.

Music.—J. T. Pidwell, O. D. Squier, Jr., C. C. Richmond, Walter Wilkinson, and J. E. Wolfe.

Delegates were elected to the Grand Division, which will hold its annual session in this city on the 21st inst., to wit:

T. J. Nevins, W. P.; O. C. Wheeler, J. E. Wolfe, Ira Glynn, E. Hudson, J. T. Pidwell, A. Davidson, and Seneca Jones, P. W. P's.

Seven gentlemen, of high respectability, were received by invitation; and several new propositions were received.

The two Divisions in this city are both doing a most prosperous business—and are becoming more and more popular from day to day. They already embrace many of our most enterprising citizens—some who have long been ultra Temperance men—and others who have fled to the Division as an ark of safety from impending ruin. Here, all meet on common ground, and together enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and strengthen each other in every good word and work; and it is worthy of remark, that among all the members, no one has for any considerable time been without profitable employment. As professional men and artizans, their services are sought in preference to those of rum-drinkers, for the very good reason, that business entrusted to sober men, is more safe—and better and more promptly done, than in the hands of persons rendered insane by the use of intoxicating drinks. At the present rate of progress, the time is at hand when the rum traffic and rum-drinking, with which our community have heretofore been so essentially cursed, will hide their heads for very shame. The time is at hand when our courts of justice, our city and state governments in all their departments, shall be [illegible]

Correspondence.

NEVADA, Sept., 30, 1851.

MR. EDITOR,—Sunday [illegible] was a bright and beautiful day here in the mountains. The [illegible] leaves [illegible] of a thousand towering pines, and a fresh breeze kept the atmosphere at a delightful temperature. Everything in nature conspired to our enjoyment of the day. We did enjoy it almost without stint or measure. We mean that part of it connected with the religious exercises at the new church. Of these exercises you will receive a more particular account from other hands.

The people of Nevada have not hitherto been noted for their church going habits, or their strict observance of the Sabbath, any more than other towns we might mention. The stores and shops have all been open, and the streets filled with teams and pedlers on that day. It was so last Sunday, but the noise and confusion were less general than I supposed they could be. The business is confined principally to two streets, and those not very long ones. From what I have heard, I infer that last Sunday was thought a dull day for business.

The people here can no longer plead the want of a church to go to, in justification of their present habits, nor any other necessity, except the customs of the miners. But these surely are not unchangeable, and now that miners are so few in that vicinity, a favorable opportunity is offered for making a valuable and radical reform, in the matter of business on Sunday.

It is pleasing to learn that a movement is being made among the traders in the right direction. They will ultimately find their advantage in it. Sabbath evening, after hearing a brief discourse from Rev. Mr. Blythe, of the M. E. Church, South, we passed through the town and found all very quiet. The saloons were nearly all deserted, and only one was at all full. Later in the evening a party engaged in carousing near our lodgings, became extremely noisy, and must have kept the whole neighborhood awake till midnight. They wanted the Sacramento Police after them.

Monday morning came the distressing news that a miner, living two miles from this city, by name Thompson, a man of good habits and character, formerly a Baptist preacher, had committed suicide during the night, by blowing off the top of his head with a small rifle. The cause of this act is found in troubles with some men located near him, imaginary in part, or magnified by a morbid sensitiveness, and in a severe mental depression, occasioning partial insanity. He had no family living. He was possessed of some property, and it is understood he has left a will disposing of it in some way.

This day, in company with our friend, we took horses for a tour to see "the lions."—Our route brought us first through the famous Coyote diggings, that have yielded up their treasures by so singular a process. The range of hills along which this vein extends is three miles long by a half a mile wide. The richest portion of the drift is near the city. New discoveries have been made in it recently; and it is by no means certain that the last rich deposit has been found.

The common method of proceeding, is to sink a perpendicular shaft down to the bed-rock, and then drift under in any direction by a horizontal shaft. They are now trying to come at the "lead" by tunneling from the hill-slope directly into the hill, piercing it at a point low enough to strike the bed-rock at the place where the "lead" is supposed to run. There are several of these tunnels going forward, but none are completed. Very likely some of them will have to be abandoned as unpromising. They can not be much extended without a great outlay of capital.

We next came upon a small Quartz-crushing machine, just getting ready for operation, in Wood's ravine. The stampers were few, and appeared to us altogether too small and light to be of essential service. It will be found that these miniature mills, whether moved by horse-power or by steam, will answer but a small, and therefore temporary, purpose. Their greatest use will be as experiments. They are inadequate to any largely paying results.

Five miles from the city, the road running over many rocky, barren hills, covered with only a stunted vegitation, we came suddenly upon an old ship-mate of ours, at his trading post, and "Hotel." There he inhabits, in a rather pretty valley, with potato patches round him, cultivates whiskers, and sells provender to the natives, and has no rent to pay, nor deeds to record, nor neighbors to trouble him.

Two miles further brought us to Newtown. This place was built about a year ago, and has proved a partial failure. The collection of houses is quite large, but most of them seemed deserted. It is situated on a high flat, through which runs the bed of a small stream toward Deer Creek. There is little work doing there. Thence down a lovely valley, where the flowers yet bloom and the grass is green, we passed to Deer Creek, and down it between high hills, a short distance, to the cabin we were in search of, standing near an immense boulder, and under the shadow of noble trees.

Here are five young men living roughly and comfortably. Each one takes his turn of a week in doing the cooking and housework. They have been in the same spot sixteen months. When they have worked in that vicinity, their average per day, for a man, has been about five dollars. Like other miners they have lost some time by sickness, and some by "prospecting." Still they find they are accumulating slowly and surely.

[illegible] these young men are professors of religion, and the others are hopefully pious. Their company always has its representatives at church. Indeed three of them have more than once been on foot and back, [illegible] miles each way, to Nevada, to attend the prayer meeting. Would that all professing Christians in California felt the same interest in our prayer-meetings. We should soon witness changes that would gladden, if they did not astonish us. If all "Christians" *were Christians* in California, it would be transformed. You will not be surprised to learn that in such a dwelling we found copies of "The Pacific."

Compelled by a previous engagement to decline the urgent invitation of these young men to dine with them, we took our leave of them reluctantly indeed, after a draught of water from a mountain spring, cool and pure. We left the place and climbed the hill, feeling that there was a bright spot in the gold region, that something was there better than gold. We fancied a blessing hovered over the spot, aud that the voices of angels mingled in the half celestial strains waked by the winds far up amid the boughs of the pines.

As we wound along the hill-side, towards the falls of Mason's Tunnel, two miles below, we could look down on the miners at work in the bed of the creek. The water is very low, and the dirt has been tossed in every direction, and soaked and washed sundry times, but is not remarkably clean yet. Years of labor have been expended here—not without pay.

Farther on our horse took a tumble, and we were brought down for a moment from our high thoughts. We attempted to leap him over a ditch, but we over-estimated his powers, as he was somewhat rheumatic, and in consequence of this infirmity he failed to bring his heels clean over, and came down at once. We managed not to fall under, and nobody was hurt. We are somewhat proud of our skill in horsemanship, but it did not shine conspicously on this occasion.

We are almost at the "tunnel" and the "rifle-box," but for the present must forbear.

Yours ||.

FOR THE PACIFIC.

A Tour up the Yuba.

From the flourishing city of Marysville, I started in one of the stages to Park's Bar, on Tuesday, Sept. 16th, a distance of 18 miles, which we passed in three hours. For nine miles on the right hand of the road, beautiful farms delight the eye. They have been opened principally within the past year, and have rewarded richly the labors of the husbandman. The largest melons and other vegetables which I have ever seen were grown on these farms. From Park's Bar, we walked three miles to Barton's Bar. Here the people have cut a canal nearly one mile in length, for the purpose of turning the river out of its channel. For a part of the distance a floom was constructed. They were letting the water into this stupendous wooden acqueduct when I arrived. It flowed on entirely through, and there was a shout of joy went up from the multitude, who hoped soon to gather the golden fruits of their toil. But, alas! the posts gave way in two places, and down went the artificial river for many feet. The posts which gave way were in thirty feet water. I heard one man say he believed it was a judgment of Heaven on the company for working on Sunday. I suppose the same wicked haste to be rich, which led them to work on the Sabbath, induced them to construct their work without sufficient care. At night, I preached to a good congregation at Mr. Cardell's house, a temperance hotel. The tears which flowed down many rough faces, evinced the interest they felt in the Gospel.

We had four ladies present. I have seldomly felt *more* the blessedness of that man who preaches the Gospel. In the morning I walked up to Rose's Bar, and then ascended to the highest peak of the mountain on the left—a distance of three or four miles. I stood upon a great rock, and enjoyed keenly the stupendous works of God, which were spread out before me. The river came rushing out of a narrow canon, and wound round among the great hills, until it leaped forth upon the broad plain, and was lost among the green trees which marked its course to the Feather River. The Butte mountains and the rivers broke the monotony of the plain; while the coast range stretches itself far along, saying to the great Pacific—"Here shalt thy proud waves be stayed, and to me restrain thy desires, for more thou could'st not endure." But the scenery of the mountains about me is grand beyond description. Far away to the East, the hills grow larger and larger; and the pine timber increases in size and beauty. Below me the men at work appear to be about two inches high. The atmosphere is pure and cold, and so clear that the tops of hills within ten miles round seem to be within a few minute's walk, clustered together for consultation.

The account of the Saviour being led up into an "exceeding high mountain," and shown all the kingdoms of the world, came vividly before me, as I gazed over the wide scene: and I felt some little of that anxiety which the ever Blessed One experienced, in respect to bringing under the dominion of the truth the kingdoms of the world of which the Tempter wished to take advantage when he said, "All these things will I give you." O when shall these wide plains and glorious old hills send up a universal song of praise to God! [illegible] we descended, and [illegible] to heaven [illegible] of delight as well as position.

Yours, truly,

[illegible]

Rev. Wm. M. Rogers.

The late papers from the East bring the melancholy intelligence of the death of this excellent minister of the Gospel. For the information of his numerous friends in California, we have prepared the following sketch of his life, and account of his funeral and burial.

His funeral took place in Central church, Winter street, Boston, of which he was the late senior pastor, at 11 o'clock, August 25.

Such was the deep interest taken by the community in the deceased, that an hour before the time appointed, hundreds had assembled in front of the church and in the vestry, anxious to witness and join in the last sad tribute of respect to the departed.

The scene which presented itself in the church was deeply impressive. The dense audience, hushed in silence, the darkened church, adding its sombre cast, and the solemn service, could not fail to impart to every auditor a subdued and mournful feeling.

At 11 o'clock the coffin was brought in, preceded by the Rev. Mr. Richards, and followed by the relatives of the deceased, a dirge being played on the organ. It was placed in front of the altar, upon a table, over which was a rich velvet pall. The coffin was of black walnut, lined with white satin, and upon it were placed a couple of wreaths and a vase of white flowers and evergreens.

The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Dr. Blagden, and the reading of selections from the Scriptures by the same gentleman.

The 618th hymn was then sung by the choir—

> "Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
> That blasts our joys in death,
> That mars the form to us so dear,
> And gathers back the breath."

Rev. Mr. Richards, who had been associate pastor with the deceased, delivered the funeral sermon, selecting for his text the following words, found in the 42d verse of the 26th chapter of Matthew. *"Thy will be done."*

At its close, he gave a sketch of Mr. Rogers' life, from which we select the following:

He was born September 10, 1806, in Alderney, one of a group of islands in the British channel. His mother, whose mental and physical qualities he peculiarly inherited, was a member of the Church of England, and also a Wesleyan Methodist, being one of the first in that island who adopted the views of that reformer.

Her son was baptized in the parish church by the name of Samuel Mattix Nelson Kettell, which name he bore until after he entered the ministry. When but two years old his mother committed him to a sister of like piety and character as herself, charging her that he be sent to this country to her brother, to be educated for the ministry. That sister is yet living in the Western States. At 10 years of age Samuel was taken from Alderney to London, and left in the care of a Captain Tracy, and in due time arrived in this country, and went to his uncle in Dorchester. At the age of 15 he was placed in the Phillips Academy, in Andover, and it was here he believed he met with a change of heart; and in the church in Dorchester, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Codman, he assumed his Christian vows.

In 1823 he became a member of Harvard University. He then took his degree in 1827, when 18 years of age, and entered on a course of study for the ministry. His first ministerial charge was the First Congregational church in Townsend, where he was settled by agreement for five years.

At the close of this period (1835) he left his charge in Townsend and accepted a call from the Franklin street Society, which in 1841 became the Central church.

In the winter of 1841 he was elected one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. In this office he was ever active, and exerted a great influence. He proposed and advocated such measures as had a tendency to remove causes of complaint against the institution, and throw it open to the whole people.

He lived to see the reform in its government, which he had ardently advocated, completely introduced. It was done by the Legislature, but a few weeks before his decease.

His last days were spent at Dorchester, with his uncle's family, who seemed to have a peculiar claim upon him as being his benefactors in his youth. And here a voice came from the other world; weakness took the place of strength, imbecility the place of wisdom; death the place of life.

To do justice to his character the speaker said he felt inadequate. Says one who was his early and intimate associate, he was serious and humorous, fond of manly sports, full of strong feelings and original thoughts. His mind was eminently practical. He was not skilled in the polemics or refinements of the schools. Averse to abstractions, he grasped the every day affairs of life with a master hand.

His mind was comprehensive, and he was distinguished by that rarest of all qualities, *wisdom*, and was also highly imaginative.

This portion of the eloquent discourse was extremely interesting, and we regret that we cannot give it in further detail.

The 617th hymn was then sung, commencing:

> "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb."

Rev. Dr. Jenks offered the closing prayer. His remains were taken to Leominster, and placed by the side of those of his wife, who died about three years ago. This excellent woman was the daughter of Hon. Solomon Strong, of Leominster, with whom his wife yet lives, while the children in whom their fondest hopes centered, have fallen before them. Two orphan children of the deceased are left to their parental care.

We should not omit to mention that Mr. Rogers was a relative of Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., of this city, and of Capt. John B. R. Cooper, of Monterey; and that from his long and [illegible] these gentlemen, he had for years entertained a deep interest in the welfare of California.

The Church.

How blest is that man who ardently loves the Church. His soul is enlarged. His sympathies are broader than other men's. Delightful images throng his imagination. His thoughts take form and wing, and soar in purer realms. He can no longer be solely of the earth, earthy. He begins to apprehend himself as something more than mortal, doomed to dust and world getting. He awakes to a new conciousness, and in that conciousness he finds a new enjoyment of life.

The love of a being of the earth, yet not of it, pure and beautiful, is wont to awaken new emotions—give rise to new experiences—enlarge our knowledge of what the soul is capable of, and to modify the whole course of life.

So, in a far higher degree, does a new born love for the church stir the soul to new forms of experience and action, and urge it into the sphere of a fresher life. New affections spring up around this. Young hopes rear their buds of promise, and fresh roses bloom, where before the eye was deceived by the appearance of a desert. It is as if all were transformed to a new clime. Yet it is the difference within and not without.—It is the power of a new and brighter affection that works the change. It is a blissful transformation. It brightens the beauty of all that before was lovely, and opens for delightful use the buried treasures of the heart. Whoso loves the church can neither be a bad nor an unhappy man.

General Intelligence.

The Pacific M. S. Co.'s steamer California, arrived in our harbor on Sunday last, at 11 A. M., bringing the monthly mails, and 221 passengers.

The California came up in good time, although she was detained on the way by an accident which happened to her machinery. She brought no later news than what we gave in our last week's paper, which news we should then have stated came by the way of Panama, and not by San Juan del Sud, as was generally supposed.

The steamer Republic, from Panama, with 190 passengers, while feeling her way through a dense fog on Sunday morning last, struck a rock some 20 miles below the Heads. The water came in in quantity sufficient to extinguish the fires, and she was kept afloat by bailing. The news having reached the city by a messenger to Captain Knight, Agent of P. M. S. S. Company, with his usual promptness, at once despatched the steamer California to her relief—going down himself in person. The California returned on Monday, with the Republic in tow, and reached the Company's wharf at 3 1-2 P. M.

The great topic of excitement throughout the Atlantic States, we gather from the papers, is Cuba. Large bodies of men were gathering at different points, to make a descent upon the island, and numbers, it was supposed, had already left for this purpose. The execution of the 50 Americans, at Havana, has seemed rather to increase than allay the desire for the subjugation of Cuba.

It is difficult to find out what are the real sentiments and feelings of the Creoles, or native Cubanos, in reference to throwing off the Spanish yoke: whether they hail with joy or treat with disdain the arrival on their shore of the "American Liberators." If as *a mass*, they are in favor of a revolution, and desire assistance from the American people, to aid them in establishing their independence of Spain—then we say, success to them and their friends, for their present condition is bad enough—worse it could not be. They are governed with the rod of a despot, and in turn they hold the African in the most cruel and degrading bondage. Any change, then, could only be for the better—whether for themselves or their miserable slaves. Their *condition* we may learn from the following remarks of one of the editors of the N. Y. Evening Post, who spent some time in Cuba, and speaks from what he knows:

"The colonial government of Spain is one of the worst forms of government in the world. It allows the people no share in the administration of affairs, even by the expression of opinion; there is no freedom of speech, of the press, or of occupation; the despotism of Russia is not more severe or more hateful. On a population of little more than a million, including the slaves, it levies annually, by an arbitrary system of taxation, and every sort of vexatious excuse, a tribute of twenty-four millions of dollars. With a part of this sum, the Spanish government supports twenty thousand soldiers to keep the inhabitants in subjection, and the entire Spanish marine, which has its principal stations in the ports of Cuba.

The productions of the plantations are taxed, most of them ten per cent on their value; tithes are exacted to the amount of more than a quarter of a million of dollars, yet the inhabitants are obliged to support their places of worship and cemeteries by subscription. No islander is ever allowed to hold any office, civil, judiciary or military—every place of honor, trust or profit is held by citizens of old Spain. The island is allowed no representative in the Spanish cortes. The captain general of the island is as absolute as the grand signors, and establishes any law which his caprice may dictate. Under his rule, the slave trade, which is now tolerated in no other civilized country—which even Brazil has now suppressed in her dominions—is actively carried on, and large cargoes of men and women from Africa are constantly swelling the number of those who are held in slavery."

From the Sandwich Islands.

Vegetables are in great abundance, and command very low prices.

They have been holding an agricultural convention in Honolulu, appointing com[illegible]

[illegible] implicated in the Stuart confessions in San Francisco, has arrived in Honolulu, and was bound hence for Tahiti.

The Island of Kahoolawe, some 14 miles in length, has been on fire, and burning for several days.

The volcano on Mauna Loa was having an eruption, a molten river flowing 3 miles in 24 hours down a mountain of 14,000 feet in height—was sweeping rocks, trees, and every thing before it—and making for the sea in a southwest direction. Its appearance from on board ship, at a distance of 60 or 70 miles, was sublime and grand beyond description.

The Weather now in San Francisco is uncommonly pleasant, and warmer than we have known it any time before this season. And the nights, just now, are more beautiful than even the day—lit up by the moon, while the winds are all hushed to rest. What a climate we enjoy in California!

Trade appears to be brisk, buildings are going up, and the general appearance is that of prosperity. The steamers leaving for below go crowded with passengers; and besides, there are many fine sailing vessels up for Panama and San Juan del Sud, which will take their share of the homeward bound.

Returned Californians.—About three hundred Californians recently arrived at St. Louis via New Orleans. Most of them, the St. Louis Republican states, brought back a fair amount of gold.

How many such returns must there be; and how long must four and five millions of gold a month leave our shores, before *some* people will be convinced that California is not a delusion, a shave, a downright swindle?

In respect to California, there are those at the East seemingly ambitious of the honor of belonging to a class, concerning an individual of which it was written: "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Hopeless as [illegible] case seems, we would like to witness the [illegible] upon them of the operation of a heavy quartz crusher.

Extract from a Letter,

Dated Los Angeles, Sept. 1851.

The Padres have been making great efforts to establish schools in this vicinity for the education of our youth. Attempts were made last spring to found a college here. A lot of land was given them by our Common Council, and subscriptions to a considerable amount were made by our citizens. But it appears that from some cause or other the philanthropic zeal of these latter has oozed out at the end of their fingers, like Fallstaff's courage—for it is now said, that in consequence of the difficulty of collecting what has been subscribed, the design of erecting a college structure has been abandoned at least for the present. The Padres have, however, two schools in operation—one here in town, and another at the old Mission of San Gabriel.

In connection with the Padres, there is a little incident that may be worth relating. About two months since there died at the house of one of our most respectable rancheros, a married lady, under circumstances that rendered an immediate burial important. The friends of the deceased together accordingly set out late in the afternoon, and reached the Mission with the corpse a little after dark. They were then sternly informed, that the price of a burial was $60; and, until this was forthcoming, the corpse would not be received. Upon this, a brother-in-law of the deceased set off for this place, where happened at that time to be the Padre Commandante, with a view of obtaining a respite from the rigorous law before alluded to; but, although the Padre admitted the entire respectability of the parties, yet as many had had burials and had never paid, he thought it best that the *dinero* should be forthcoming in this instance in advance. There was then nothing to be done, but to ride back some twenty miles and obtain the needful—upon which the remains of the poor woman were permitted to be interred.

Silver and Copper Mines in Lower California.—The San Diego Herald of the 2d instant, contains the following:

Col. Haraszthy and Charles R. Johnson, Esq., arrived in town on Monday, from the mining district in Southern California. They report that the new silver mines which are now about being opened, are likely to yield as great, if not greater profit than any of the silver mines now being worked in Mexico.

Mr. Johnson inform us that from one pound of the ore which he took from the newly discovered copper mines of San Antonio, he got eight ounces of pure copper, simply by burning and hammering it, to break out the rock.

A portion of the party of about fifty men, who left last spring for the newly discovered gold mines in Sonora, returned here last week. They have not been very successful—averaging four dollars each, per day.

The Farmers of Santa Clara County,

Are respectfully solicited to assemble at the Court House, in the city of San Jose, on TUESDAY, the 14th instant, for the purpose of forming a County Agricultural Society, and for the transaction of such other business as may be of interest to the farming community. It is very desirable that a full representation should be had. To facilitate business, and arrive at a proper estimate of the products of the country, it is proposed that each farmer come prepared with an account of his stock, its increase, the quantity of land each one has had under cultivation, together with all the expenses [illegible] so as to give a full statement [illegible] for the past year.

San Jose Weekly Visitor please copy. oct2 3

☞ Notice.—If Geo. C. Thatcher, who arrived in San Francisco on the schooner Traveller, is still in California, his father, Rev. Tyler Thatcher, would be pleased to see him, or hear from him [illegible] Letters may be directed to the care of Rev. T. D. Hunt. [illegible]

MARRIED.

On the [illegible] instant, on board the clipper ship Flying Cloud, by the Rev. A. Williams, Mr. Laban Coffin, of Nantucket, to Miss Sarah B. Lyon, of Roxbury, Mass.

In this city, Sept. [illegible], by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, Lawrence Wetherell and Miriam Fearc.

DIED.

On the 27th, on board the California, Mrs. Mary Finnegan.

Drowned, from on board sloop Feliciana, on the 30th Sept. Mr. Wm. B. Perry, of Newport, Mass.

Temperance Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Hillman's—Clay street, above Dupont.

Merchett's—Pike street, near Washington.

Arcade—Webb street, between Sacramento and California.

Gilbert's—Pacific Wharf, south side.

Fort's—Pacific Wharf, north side.

Pacific Hotel—South side Pine street, above Montgomery.

We should be happy to give a complete Directory of all the Temperance Houses in California.

☞ **Pacific Tract Society.—Depository, Clay Street, above Dupont.**—All the publications of the American Tract Society, in various languages, for sale at New York publication prices.

T. J. Nevins,
Depositary and Corresponding Secretary.

Bibles and School Books in general assortment, and at low prices, may also be found at the Depository. aug29

WELLER & SUTHERLAND,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.—Will promptly attend to all professional business either in the courts or before the United States Land Commissioners. Office in Wells & Co.'s building, corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, rooms recently occupied by John Satterlee Esqr.
John B. Weller, Thos. W. Sutherland.
San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1851.

DANA, BROTHERS & CO.

HAVE REMOVED TO THE FOOT OF CLAY ST., (next door to D. L. Ross,) where they offer for sale,
Sugar, Hams, Syrup,
Cocoa, Cigars, Prints,
Denims, Bleached Drills, etc. etc. oct 3

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BIBLE SOCIETY HAVE established a Depository on Stockton street, between Union and Green, and at Marvin & Hitchcock's, Montgomery street, for the sale and distribution of BIBLES and TESTAMENTS, in the various Languages spoken in California.
N. B.—Bibles and Testaments supplied gratis to those who are unable to purchase.
The next regular Anniversary of the San Francisco Bible Society will take place on the last Sabbath of October.
San Francisco, Sept., 1851.

WM. H. COIT. H. CHANNING BEALS.
COIT & BEALS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Sansome Street,
BETWEEN CLAY AND WASHINGTON STS.,
sep26 San Francisco. 3t*

"EXCELSIOR."

200 BOXES OF THIS SUPERIOR FAMILY SOAP, EX "FLYING CLOUD." Read this:
[From the New York Tribune.]
A Valuable Improvement in Soap.—We have examined some specimens of the "Excelsior Soap," manufactured by Messrs. Cadwell, Payson & Co., and find that it removes grease, oil, and printer's ink from the skin, and from cotton, linen, silk, and woolen goods, in cold, soft, hard, warm, or salt water, with less labor than usual with common soaps. It is a new discovery, and will save to the family and the washerwoman a large item of expenditure, as clothes require no boiling or bleaching when washed with this article. It acts as a chlorine wash on the teeth, decomposing all animal and decaying matter without injury to the gums. This article improves with age and stands any climate.
For sale by Manufacturer's Agents,
COIT & BEALS,
sep26 3t* Sansome street, near Clay.

W. J. SHERWOOD, Auctioneer.

BY W. J. SHERWOOD & CO., AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS—Store, Sansome street, between Clay and Washington. Sales of Merchandise, Real Estate, etc. punctually attended to. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.
Wm. J. Sherwood, of New York; Chas. De Ro, of Philadelphia. aug1

ROLLINS & CO.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, corner of Sansome and Sacramento streets.
Liberal advances made on Consignments.
References:—Drexel, Sather & Church, Bankers; Dr. John Baldwin, Banker; Murray & Sanger; Blossom & Ogden, San Francisco. aug1

COBB & CO.

AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Sales Room, Sansome street.
Advancements made on consignments for sale at auction. aug1

WM. H. V. CRONISE, Auctioneer.

MARTIN SHULTZ & CO., CORNER OF SANSOME and Jackson streets. Wholesale Auction and Commission Merchants. Liberal advancements made on consignments. aug1

J. F. HUTTON, S. FRANCISCO. O. SEGER, SACRAMENTO.
HUTTON & CO.

CORNER OF CLAY AND SANSOME STREETS—Regular Sale Days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. J. F. Hutton, Auctioneer. aug1

H. W. HALLECK. A. C. PEACHY. FRED. BILLINGS.
HALLECK, PEACHY & BILLINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCHANT STREET, San Francisco. (In Bolton, Barron & Co.'s building.)
Mr. B., Commissioner for Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Vermont. aug1

IRVING, FAIR, & BOOKER,

ATTORNIES AT LAW—Office corner of Merchant and Montgomery street. aug1

COLE & PARSONS,

SURGEON DENTISTS, CORNER OF KEARNY AND Clay streets, San Francisco.
S. Parsons, M. D. R. E. Cole. aug1

ELLIOTT & STORY,

BOOKBINDERS, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND Montgomery streets, up stairs, San Francisco.
Orders left with Messrs. Cooke & Lecount promptly attended to. aug1

F. C. GRAY, BRO. & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND Provisions, Fruits, fresh and preserved from abroad as well as from the gardens and vineyards of our own state, and every article necessary for family consumption constantly on hand at the corner of Pacific Wharf and Front street. aug1

HAWLEY, STERLING & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, have on hand a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, clothing, cordage, provisions and hardware, delivered afloat or ashore. Corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets. aug1

J. H. COGHILL & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Front street, south of Pacific wharf, keep constantly on hand a large stock of groceries and provisions. Orders from the country promptly attended to. aul

BRYANT & CO.

AGRICULTURAL AND MINER'S WAREHOUSE, Sansome street, near Clay, have in addition to their agricultural and mining implements, opened a general assortment of hardware, which they offer on very favorable terms. aug1

WILLIAM H. STOWELL,

COMMISSION MERCHANT, BATTERY STREET, near Pacific Wharf—Having an eligible business location, and who engages in no business of any kind on his own account, solicits consignments of parties residing here, who have merchandise which they wish to offer for sale through others. aug1

CHAPIN & SAWYER,

DEALERS IN HARDWARE, LEATHER AND SHOE Findings, powder, shot, lead, caps, etc. Blacksmiths' tools and housekeeping articles. Corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, basement of Wells & Co.'s Banking House. aug1

G. O. WHITNEY,

FURNITURE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, Sacramento street, corner of Webb; also on Battery street, near California, San Francisco. Constantly on hand sofas, [illegible]

[illegible]

REYNOLDS, BARTLETT & CO.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Sansome street, near Broadway. [illegible]

IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, California street, San Francisco. [illegible]

MACONDRAY & CO.

[illegible] F. W. Macondray, [illegible]

SHIP CHANDLERY STORE, PACIFIC WHARF, [illegible]

[illegible]

BURGOYNE & CO., NEW YORK BANKING HOUSE,

[illegible]
L. A. Benoist & Co. St. Louis.
Ellis & Morton Cincinnati.
Maunsel White & Co. New Orleans.
Drake Bros. & Co. Havana.
Gold Dust purchased at highest prices, shipped and insured to Bank of England and the Atlantic States. aug1

PAGE, BACON & CO.

BANKERS, MONTGOMERY STREET. DRAW AT sight, or on time, in sums to suit purchasers, on—
Atlantic Bank Boston.
Drew, Robinson & Co. New York.
F. A. Van Dyke, Jr. & Co. Philadelphia.
S. Jones & Co. Pittsburgh.
I. S. Goodman & Co. Cincinnati.
Hutchings & Co. Louisville.
Louisiana State Bank New Orleans, and
Page & Bacon St. Louis.
Deposits received and banking business generally attended to.
Gold Dust purchased at the best market prices.
Daniel D. Page, Henry D. Bacon, } St. Louis, Mo.
David Chambers, F. W. Page, Henry Haight, } San Francisco.
aug1

F. ARGENTI & CO.,

BANKERS, MONTGOMERY STREET, BETWEEN Clay and Commercial. Refer to and draw, on
Brown, Brothers & Co. New York.
Brown, Shipley & Co. Liverpool.
Samuel Nicholson & Co. New Orleans.
Browns & Bowen Philadelphia.
James Adger & Co. Charleston.
Morrill & Dickey Mobile.
T. B. Curtiss, Esq. Boston.
Geo. B. Cumming, Esq. Savannah.
Alex Brown & Sons Baltimore.
Good clean Gold Dust bought at $17 per oz., or forwarded, covered by insurance, to the United States. sep12

BANKING HOUSE OF

JAMES KING, OF WILLIAM, EXCHANGE ON
George Peabody, Esq. London.
Messrs. Cammann & Whitehouse New York.
Messrs. J. Corning & Co. New Orleans.
Messrs. Riggs & Levering St. Louis.
And on Messrs. Corcoran & Riggs—
Payable at their office Washington City.
" Merchants' Bank of Boston Boston.
" Philadelphia Bank Philadelphia.
" Bank of Baltimore Baltimore.
" Bank of Virginia and branches. aug1

SAVINGS BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED UPON THE PLAN OF THE Savings Banks in the States and Europe. Bills of Exchange for sale on New York and Boston.
Our drafts on Boston are cashed at all the New England banks, and New York bills are usually worth a premium in the Western and Southern States.
Gold Dust constantly wanted at the highest prices; also forwarded to the Atlantic States, under insurance.
Money and Gold Dust received on special deposit; also, usual banking business transacted.
Office hours from sun rise to sunset, and Saturday evenings till 9 o'clock, for the accommodation of mechanics, laborers, etc.
Banking House, Montgomery street, next door to the corner of Commercial street, and opposite Central Wharf, San Francisco. ROBINSON & CO.,
aug1 Managers and Proprietors.

ATWILL & CO.'S

MUSIC WAREHOUSE AND DEPOT OF FANCY GOODS—Post Office Buildings, Grand Plaza, San Francisco—Every variety of piano fortes, organs, melodians, guitars, violins, and all other kinds of brass and wood musical instruments, together with reeds, strings, bows, and musical merchandise of every sort, as received semi-monthly from New York.
Also, new and standard music and tutors for the voice and all instruments.
Also, stationery, fancy Chinese goods, globes, maps, paintings, pictures, flags of all nations, children's toys, dolls, etc.
Fancy work baskets and boxes, large engravings of "San Francisco," perfumery, combs, brushes, etc. etc. at wholesale and retail.
The latest songs from New York, together with all the compositions of Russell, Dempster, Stephen C. Massett, etc. etc.
Instruments tuned and repaired. Orders from the country punctually attended to by addressing
JOSEPH F. ATWILL & CO.,
aug1 Grand Plaza, San Francisco.

DRUGS.

EX CRUSOE AND SETH SPRAGUE—AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—Alcohol, 80 per ct. and 90 per ct. chloride of lime, carb. ammonia, borax, cochineal, cobalt, mur. ammonia, sulphuric opium, etc.; neat's foot oil, cardamon, canary, caraway, coriander and flax seeds, sassafras, cherry, cascarilla, ground elm and white oak barks, aqua ammonia, spirits nitre, sulphuric ether, ammonias, Rochelle and soda salts, Epsom salts, orange peel, rhubarb and ginger roots, alum, red saunders, gentian, brimstone, roll and sulphur; blue vitriol, Spanish brown, chalk, emery, seven sizes; pumice and rotten stone, Bath brick, camphor, iodine, iod. potass, essential oils, musk, Vanilla beans, strychnine, cream tartar, carbonate soda, saltpetre, hops, sponge, etc., assorted vials, corks, pill boxes, gauging rods, smalts assorted colors; bright varnish, white lead, essential oil of almonds, pink saucers, fancy soaps, perfumes, combs, paint, hair, tooth and nail brushes, pomades, etc.; cologne on draught, having had the advantage of a five months sea voyage; together with an assortment of all kinds of goods usually found in a drug store.
C. R. STORY & CO.,
aug1 Montgomery, corner Washington st.

ADAMS & CLEMENTS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS AND Apothecaries, have just received a large supply of drugs and medicines, of the best quality. Also, isinglass, gelatine, gum, shellac, hops, flax seed, arrow root, white and red chalk, wax, sponge, chemicals, alcohol, neats foot oil, Townsend's, Sands', Wynkoop's, and Bristol's sarsaparills, Osgood's cholagogue, cancalagua, Moffat's pills and bitters, Davis' pain killer, Barret's fever and ague pills, cherry pectoral; paints and oils; perfumery. Extra port wine for invalids. Breast glasses and nipple shells. Osborn's water colors. Trusses, single and double Hull's & Marsh's patent, etc. etc. with a large variety of other articles suited to the market. Clay street, in the Post Office building. aug1

OIL.

BAILEY & GILBERT, OIL MANUFACTURERS, Pine street, between Sansome and Battery, have on hand and are constantly manufacturing pure bleached sperm oil, well recommended for machinery; bleached polar oil, and winter strained lard oil, in packages to suit purchasers, and the quality guaranteed.
On hand—3000 gallons pure sperm oil; 15,000 gallons polar oil; 3000 gallons lard oil; 1000 gallons winter strained polar oil. BAILEY & GILBERT,
aug1 Pine street.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED A large invoice of small and large sized Cooking Stoves, suitable for families, hotels and restaurants; also, a large invoice of tin ware, saucepans, coffee mills, side and hanging lamps, long and short handled shovels, tinned copper, Banca tin, tin plate, sheet iron, etc. etc. for sale, at wholesale or retail, at the lowest market prices, by
J. W. BROOKS & CO.,
Battery street, 2d door from Broadway, and Sansome st, near Jackson, San Francisco. aug1

JAMES HOLLAND,

FAMILY GROCERY, MONTGOMERY STREET, between Pine and Bush, San Francisco, begs to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a store as above, with a new and well selected stock of family groceries of the best quality, and respectfully solicits their support. For the convenience of families, orders will be taken daily, and all goods delivered at their residence free of charge. A daily supply of fresh roasted coffee. Prime Goshen dairy butter in small kegs, etc. etc. aug1

THE IRVING.

MESSRS. DUMARTHERAY & CO. LATE AT the head of Delmonico's, have the honor to inform their former patrons and friends, and the public generally, that they have opened their New Restaurant, located in Montgomery, near Washington street, and directly opposite their old house. They pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting on their part to maintain the standing which they have hitherto enjoyed as Restaurateurs in California, and they trust by strict attention to their guests, to receive a share of public patronage.
F. DUMARTHERAY,
LOUIS CHAPUI,
ARMAND HIVERT,
aug1 tf H. G. GIANNINI.

WM. R. VAN ALEN,

WHOLESALE GROCER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, [illegible]

[illegible]

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NOTICE.—THE PUBLIC IS INFORMED THAT UNDER the new arrangements of this Company, [illegible] leave San Francisco [illegible] on the 1st and 15th days of each month, [illegible]
[illegible] Those on the 15th will touch at Monterey, San Diego and Acapulco. [illegible] passengers at reduced rates, touching only at Panama.
The connection with Oregon will be maintained by the steamer Columbia, leaving with the semi-monthly mails from Panama, and returning in time to connect with the mails leaving San Francisco on the 1st and 15th.
Each passenger is allowed 250 lbs. personal baggage, not exceeding 10 cubic feet, free.
The line in the Pacific is maintained by seventeen steamers, with an aggregate of 15,000 tons register, and in the Atlantic, by nine steamers of upwards of 16,000 tons.
This Company offer to the public the greatest degree of comfort and security, their commanders being selected for their great experience, and their numerous boats insuring immediate relief in case of accident of any kind.
E. KNIGHT, Agent,
aug1 Office corner of Leidesdorff and Sacramento st.

PEOPLE'S LINE.

FOR SACRAMENTO CITY, FROM PACIFIC Street Wharf, at 4 P. M. The well known favorite steamers SENATOR and NEW WORLD, will leave as above, every alternate day, and being unequalled in speed and comfort, offer great inducements for freight or passage, which will be taken at the lowest rates. Apply to C. MINTURN, Agent, corner Davis street and Pacific wharf, or on Cunningham's wharf. aug1

ADAMS & CO.'S EXPRESS AND BANKING OFFICE.

WE HAVE RESUMED BUSINESS IN the fire proof building erected by us on the site of our old building on Montgomery street. For the accommodation of our numerous patrons, we shall transact a banking business of DEPOSIT ALONE, and draw bills of exchange on any of our houses in the Atlantic States, and also on London, at the current rates of premium.
As we have built two vaults with regard to safety both from fire and thieves, we will receive articles of value for safe keeping.
We have reserved the basement of our building for purposes connected with our express business, and consequently can offer great inducements to parties to ship goods by us from the Atlantic States, as in event of their being uncalled for, they will remain in a place of security from fire.
From our arrangements with the steamship companies, and our extensive interests in expresses in the Atlantic States, we can guarantee greater security and dispatch with all business entrusted to us than any other house, and with the business entrusted to the up-river expresses connecting with us, we shall give the same attention as though the business were wholly our own.
We are prepared to forward, with or without insurance, Gold Dust by the regular mail line of steamers, as low, (if not lower) than parties shipping by transient steamers.
The advantage of this arrangement will be seen in the security it affords to parties shipping, through us, that there will be no delay at Chagres, as one of the mail steamers will always be there in readiness to receive treasure from the Pacific Mail Line.
Parties may rest assured that although we do not continually keep it before the public, we are never behind in the conveyance of news, treasure, etc. to and from the Atlantic States.
Running the only Express on the mail train between New York and Philadelphia, all treasure shipped by us direct from the mint, will always be deposited there in advance of that shipped by any other line.
We send an Express regularly on the 1st and 15th of every month. ADAMS & CO.,
aug1 Montgomery street, near California.

EXPRESS TO STOCKTON AND THE SOUTHERN MINES.

OUR CONNECTION WITH TODD & Co. having ceased, we have made arrangements to run a daily Express through to San Francisco, from Stockton and all parts of the Southern Mines, and vice versa.
Gold Dust, Letters and Packages, received by us in Stockton and all parts of the Southern mines, and shipped to all parts of the United States and Europe, through Adams & Co., or any house parties may desire.
Drafts purchased in sums to suit, payable in all parts of the United States and Europe.
We have a daily line of stages running between Stockton and Sonora, carrying our express. Also, a daily express between Stockton, Double Springs, Mokelumne, Carson's Creek and Angels.
Collections made in San Francisco and all places as above.
All orders, letters and packages left at Burgess, Gilbert & Still's bookstore, on the Plaza, or at our office, with J. W. Gregory, Montgomery street.
aug1 REYNOLDS & CO.

FREEMAN & CO.'S EXPRESS.

DAILY TO SACRAMENTO CITY, MARYSVILLE AND NEVADA.—F. & Co. have now in their express rooms, on board the fast steamers Senator, New World, and Gov. Dana, for the security of treasure entrusted to them, which is always accompanied by faithful messengers. Orders, bills, packages, etc., forwarded, and all business pertaining to an express promptly attended to. F. & Co. is the only firm in the Valley of the Sacramento connecting with Messrs. Adams & Co., on whom they are authorized to draw Bills of Exchange for any amount, payable in New Orleans, New York, and all the principal cities of the Atlantic States.
Offices—San Francisco, in Adams & Co.'s new fire-proof building.
Sacramento City, at 42 Second street.
Marysville, at Snow & Lunt's, on the Plaza.
Bowers & Co. connect with us at Sacramento from Nevada City.
Langton & Co. connect with us at Sacramento from Downieville. aug1

FURNITURE.

SCOTT, GREEN & CO., late of the American and Colonnade Building, have re-opened their ware rooms in Sacramento street, four doors below Kearny, north side, and at the corner of Pike street. They have on hand an excellent assortment of dining, porter and bedroom furniture, carpeting, etc.
Walnut sofas, plush figured and plain.
Mahogany do do hair cloth.
Walnut and mahogany divans, hair cloth.
Do do ottomans do.
Do do tete-a-tete do.
Do do chairs of all descriptions.
Do do tables of the newest style,
Consisting of centre, dining and pier; sofa bedsteads, mahogany, French, Elizabethan, cottage, etc.; bureaus, wardrobes of different sizes and quality, washstands in variety, hair mattresses and pillows, feather beds, pillows and bolsters; palliasses and common matresses, blankets, sheets and pillow slips. A few pieces of superior Brussels carpeting and Persian Rugs. aug1

STATIONERS' WAREHOUSE.

COOKE & LECOUNT, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS in stationery and Books, keep constantly on hand a large and select assortment Blank Books, staple and fancy stationery, law and custom house blanks, school books, notarial and letter papers; cheap publications and newspapers, fancy articles, gold pens, choice cutlery, maps and charts; American and foreign books, perfumery, etc.
P. S. Just received Ollendorff's Method of Teaching Spanish, to read, write and speak English.
Wells' Fire-Proof Building, Montgomery street, near Clay San Francisco, California. aug1

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

FOR SALE AT DONAHUE'S UNION AND IRON BRASS FOUNDRY, corner of First and Mission sts., Happy Valley, San Francisco. Quartz mining machinery made to order after the most approved plans. Castings of iron or brass of every description, boiler making, steamboat repairing, turning and finishing, executed with dispatch, and everything connected with the business promptly attended to. aug1

SUTTER IRON WORKS,

RINCON POINT.—THE ABOVE WORKS ARE NOW in full operation, and are prepared to execute steamboat work of any weight or dimension. Quartz machinery, castings of any size particularly attended to and executed with dispatch, and at as low rates as any establishment in the country.
JAMES BLAIR, Agent,
aug1 Corner Front and Sacramento streets.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, INGRAIN AND STAIR Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, all widths; cotton matting, 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 window shades, rugs, druggets, etc. etc. for sale at wholesale or retail, on Clay street, below Montgomery and Kearney, in Johnson & Canfield's brick building up stairs. J. LAPSLEY.

BURGESS, GILBERT & STILL,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, AND WHOLESALE and Retail Agents for Periodicals and American Newspapers, Magazines and Cheap Publications, [illegible]

MARVIN & HITCHCOCK,

IMPORTERS OF BOOKS AND STATIONERY—Keep [illegible]

[illegible]

Poetry.

[FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.]

Earth's Harvests.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War."
MILTON'S *Sonnet to Cromwell*.

Two hundred years ago,* the moon
Shone on a battle plain;
Cold through that glowing night of June
Lay steeds and riders slain;
And daisies, bending 'neath strange dew,
Wept in the silver light;
The very turf a regal hue
Assumed that fatal night.

Time past—but long, to tell the tale,
Some battle-ax or shield,
Or cloven skull, or shattered mail,
Were found upon the field;
The grass grew thickest on the spot
Where high were heaped the dead,
And well it marked, had men forgot,
Where the great charge was made.

To-day the sun looks laughing down
Upon the harvest plain,
The little gleaners, rosy-brown,
The merry reapers' train;
The rich sheaves heaped together stand,
And resting in their shade,
A mother, working close at hand,
Her sleeping babe hath laid.

A battle-field it was, and is,
For serried spears are there,
And against mighty foes upreared—
Gaunt hunger, pale despair.
We'll thank God for the hearts of old,
Their strife our freedom sealed;
We'll praise Him for the sheaves of gold
Now on the battle-field.

* Naseby, June 14, 1646.

Practical Religion.

The Pleasure of Doing Good.

One of the peculiar and fundamental laws of the Bible is, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." That is, it is better to impart good than to receive it—better to give away than to hoard—better to serve than to be ministered to—better to seek out and relieve the poor, the afflicted, and the perishing, and act on the principles of Christian benevolence, than to have a supreme regard for self, and devote the resources of our being to self gratification. In other words, there is a higher and purer happiness, and a purer and more blessed prosperity resulting from the practice of benevolence, than from the practice of selfishness.

It is good to receive a blessing—to enjoy the favors of a bountiful Providence—to receive into our heart the light and love and grace of God our Savior; but it is better still to be able to bestow upon others—to serve God and man in theexercise of Christian virtue—to be oneself a moral sun, the source of light and the centre of blessed influence to our fellow-men.

This principle will hold good in everything. To take the single instance of communicating useful knowledge: there is in communicating, a higher happiness than in merely acquiring it. Newton, Bacon, and Cuvier, found much rational and sublime enjoyment in the pursuit of their favorite studies, in pushing their investigations into new fields of thought and inquiry,and thereby enlarging their capacities, giving a wider scope to their being, and helping them to understand and appreciate better the perfections of the Infinite God. But they were not satisfied with acquiring. Knowledge was not the end they sought; only the means to that end. To enrich the world with the fruit of their superior wisdom, was their one longing desire and aim. Self was lost sight of in the grand idea that mankind was to be blessed.

Newton, we are told, held it as his highest glory, not simply that he had gone farther than any other man in his researches, and enlarged the boundary of his knowledge, but to have made the evidences of God's existence, and the dispensations of his power and wisdom, better understood by men. Noble sentiment! There is a pleasure in giving from the treasures of our wisdom and knowledge to others less favored,dearly as we have purchased them,which is denied to those who hoard them. There is an indescribable satisfaction felt in teaching rational minds, in kindling the divine intelligence with the fire of immortal thought. Take that ignorant and degraded boy out of the street, teach him knowledge, fill his mind with God, and with the great thoughts of the Bible, wake up that immortal principle which now sleeps in his soul, and make a thinking, wise and virtuous man of him, and the reward of such a service will be one that wealth cannot purchase.

Now the highest and most important of all knowledge is that which the Bible contains. Here are contained the treasures of God's infinite mind—the record of immortality. Here are the 'deep things' of wisdom—the knowledge that makes wise unto salvation. This is the end of all philosophies—the sum of all the sciences. And the making known of this Divine Word to perishing men, is the highest possible happiness. The angels in heaven wonld gladly vacate their seats for the priviledge of doing it. There is no blessing so divine as that which comes upon us from souls reached by the gospel, and saved through our instrumentality. Such trophies form a "crown of rejoicing," such as no warrior or victor in the race ever wore.

Oh, if it is blessed to feel and know that we are forgiven—to have the divine mercy freely imparted to us—to taste of the love of God, and the joy of his salvation from day to day; it is more blessed still to impart our experience to others—to tell what God has done for our souls—to hold forth the word of life to our fellow sinners, and kindle in their hearts the joys and the hopes which animate ours. The christian who puts his light under a bushel—who confines his religious knowledge and experience to his own breast—who lives for his own salvation rather than for Christ and the salvation of others, acts a part as unwise and injurious to himself as it is unworthy of his profession, and opposed to the spirit and principles of Christianity. A christian has never so much light in his own mind as when he is shedding most light on the minds of others. His own experience of Christ is most precious, when he is doing most to make him known to others. If he comes to act on the selfish principles of the world, all his satisfaction in the service of Christ will quickly [illegible] ... minister to others, [illegible] barren and lose its interest in the truth.

That Sermon.

Well, what of it? Why in the first place, the preacher consumed some five minutes in apologies, before he announced his text. He was not well—was tired—sick; then he ought not to have accepted the invitation to preach. Above all, he did not come with the least idea of preaching, and was not therefore prepared.

Then he informed the audience that in his forthcoming sermon he should deal in *simples*—not in compounds. Christianity had its *simples* and compounds; and it was no boasting in him to say that were he disposed he *could* deal in the latter as well as in the former. He could be deep, profound, learned; but he should not attempt it on the present occasion. Then came the text, with some choice and evidently *studied* expressions about the sweet and gentle spirit of love. We were beginning to be interested, but suddenly the speaker changed his tone and manner with a—"*but stop*"—"*look here*," &c., and then followed a flight of *manufactured eccentricities*—an evident attempt at shrewdness, climaxed with such expressions as—*as true as you live*. The audience smiled—some of the ministers winked the eye and nodded assent; as much as to say, that's the kind. The speaker received it as an acknowledgment of his genius, and went on with renewed interest to himself, and a part of his hearers. We heard no more. Alas, that a man who could deal both in the simples and compounds of the gospel, should do neither, but only court a grin, when he ought to win a soul.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

[FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.]

A Child's Dream of a Star.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion.—These two used to wander all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the power and the goodness of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night,must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear,shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful,they thought,than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself,and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came,all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening,showed him a gerat world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company,that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader of of those who had brought the people thither:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon that star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with [illegible] ... people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books,when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled,and his steps were slow and feeble,and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed,his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago,

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O,my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to redeive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Give! Give!

BY GEORGE H. CALVERT.

The Sun gives ever; so the Earth,
What it can give, so much 'tis worth.
The Ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
So, too, the Air, it gives us breath;
When it stops giving, comes in Death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

No MAN ought to be convinced by anything short of assiduous and long continued labors, issuing in absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of mankind.

Self Training.

"I am very sure that a young man can be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learnt little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to College opened upon me. * * * * * I made my resolutions, and acted up to them; I gave up all desultory reading, I never looked into a novel or newspaper, I gave up shooting.—During the five years I was in Ireland, I had tne liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place. I never went but twice. In short I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment; I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistable resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and found those things that were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend spon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination.—*Sir T. F. Buxton.*

NAPOLEON.—It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon, that in his day of power he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he conld not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with threadbare coat, was ushered into his presence.—Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said, "Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me, too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my hand writing!" The Empress,with that amiable tact, which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied, "I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and [illegible] ... *Abbott's Napoleon.*

Missionary Intelligence.

The Christian Press Abroad.

The progress of light and truth in nominally Christian and pagan lands demands our gratitude and praise to God. We refer not now to the special outpouring of the Spirit at any one particular station, but to the general progress of Christianity, where darkness has reigned almost unbroken. The advance in fifty years is wonderful, and when well considered, must cheer the most desponding. Who could bear the thought of Christian missions being set back half a century? Not only are missions planted at the most important points throughout the heathen world, but a vast portion of the six hundred millions of heathen are under the sway of Christian nations, whose arm protects the servants of Christ, and whose influence, in a thousand ways, is spreading with resistless energy, and the institutions of idolatry and superstition are crumbling beneath it. We speak not of the great work of missions as done, but of the sure grounds of hope and promise. Even the odious *Turks*, whose name, not long ago, implied all that was savage, dark, and cruel, are now the protectors of Christian missions; the Sultan himself avenges their wrongs. Within the dominions of Turkey are some of our most prosperous missions; the gospel is boldly and faithfully preached; books are read and circulated; the Holy Spirit descends, and the work of God is wonderfully advancing, at various points and stations, from Smyrna and Constantinople to the Euphrates.

It is known only to God whether the present terrific struggle of Popery and arbitrary power in Italy, Austria, France, and other countries of papal Europe, destroying the Bible, and dooming to prison and the galleys every advocate of liberty, do not portend more and more revulsion, and that the reign of spiritual oppression will be short. The maddened millions struggling for their rights may ere long again upheave the pillars of society; and were they but enlightened by the gospel, there would be hope of their speedy release and the gospel's triumph. Let us still labor and confidently pray for papal Europe and papal Mexico and South America. The signs of the times betoken change and hope to them who trust in Christ and labor at his bidding.

FROM REV. MR. BENJAMIN, SMYRNA.

We have abundant reason to believe that the demand for books and the promise of usefulness among the Armenians of Turkey are daily increasing, and it will be very long, I trust, before this increase will be arrested. The separation of the little bands of the chosen followers of Christ from the mass of devotees to error, and their organization with their families as Protestant Christians, has created the necessity for a class of writings not at first called for. We cannot expect to see the members of our infant churches, now existing in seven important cities of the empire, enlarging their intelligence and influence, and becoming well grounded in the faith, unless we furnish them religious reading suited to their character and wants. Nor can their children well dispense with the benefits of a juvenile Christian literature. In fact, though our communities are yet in most places very small, they are, in respect to their spiritual wants perfect communities, with a variety of individual character and with all the various relations and wants of other evangelical communities. The variety and scope we need to aim at are therefore scarcely less than in your own wide reaching and blessed enterprise at home.

FROM REV. MR. HUME, BOMBAY.

Mr. Hume writes, under date of March 15: "Last year we sold at Bombay over 10,000 tracts and books to the natives, and Rev. Mr. Wood, missionary at Satara, sold nearly as many, so that including those sold at Ahmednuggur, 30,000 Christian tracts and books were *sold to natives* by our missionaries and native assistants in one year. This is what no one would have believed five years ago. There are on all sides of us new signs of life and intellectual activity among the natives. Great changes are in progress, and India can no longer be what it was."

FROM REV. MR. SHUCK, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Mr. Shuck writes, March 3: "Depend upon it, the press is going to be an important auxiliary in the enlightenment and Christianization of China; and as a proof that it is already beginning to be felt, and to show too the necessity of faithfulness on the part of the friends of a Protestant Christian literature, I will merely state, that the Roman Catholic priests in this region, in order to counteract the evident influence of Protestant publications, have recently determined to commence a *general* distribution of popish books among the Chinese people, they having hitherto always put forth their books in China upon a very limited scale. I commend this subject to the special attention of the friends of the American Tract Society."—*Am. Messenger.*

The Use of Trees.

Ask your neighbor why he has not more trees about his home, and he will tell you that they are of no great *use*, and besides, that it is very difficult to make them grow; that he has tried it once or twice, and they have all died. Now these common reasons are both ill-founded. It *is* of *use* for every man to surround himself with objects of interest, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in all things, and especially in the works of nature. It is of use for every family to have a *home*, a pleasant, happy home, hallowed by purifying influences. It is of use, that every child should be educated, not only in the sciences and arts, and *dead* languages, but that his affections and *taste* should be refined; that the book of nature should be laid open to him; that he should learn to read her language in the flower and the leaf, written every where, in the valley and on the hill-side, and hear it in the song of birds, and the murmuring of the forest. If you would keep pure the heart of your child, and make his youth innocent and happy, surround him with objects of interest and beauty at home. If you would prevent a restless spirit, if you would save him from that lowest species of idolatry, "the love of money," and teach him to "love what's lovely," adorn your dwellings, your places of worship, your school houses, your streets and public squares, with trees and shrubs, and lawns and flowers, so that he may early and ever be impressed with the love of him who made them all.

DR. PARR, when a boy at Harrow, [illegible] ... looking at him, "Parr, if ever [illegible] ... a chance of [illegible]

[illegible] THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW [illegible] ... in Portland on Monday and confiscated. This is the most severe and summary law against the sale of intoxicating spirits that was ever passed by any State Legislature. The Providence Journal expresses some surprise that the law is so effectually enforced, and says:

"This is so different from the effect which strong prohibitory laws have had in other places, that we scarcely understand it. Either the respect for law is very strong in Maine or public sentiment is very unanimous in favor of suppressing the liquor traffic. The effect of this experiment, if it shall prove successful, must be very considerable in the New England States. A similar experiment is to be made in Ohio. We do not see why it is not as likely to succeed there as in Maine. No one will doubt that the suppression of the use of intoxicating drinks would be one of the greatest moral reforms that the world has ever seen. Such suppression by the force of legal enactments would be scarcely less remarkable."

GEORGIA.—A convention of mechanics, recently assembled at Atlanta, Georgia. Between four and five hundred were in attendance as delegates. William H. Pritchard was called upon to preside. The objects of the convention were, first, to form a State Mechanical Institute; second, to organize a system for the publication of geographical school books; third, to protest against mechanical employments in penitentiaries; and fourth, to take the ground against the policy of permitting negroes to engage in mechanical pursuits. Resolutions were submitted and adopted, embodying all these views, and the Convention adjourned, after a session of two or three days.

PRIESTS FOR MINESOTA.—The Right Rev. Bishop, Joseph Creten, Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota, arrived at St Paul, accompanied by five clergymen from France. They are Francois de Vivaldi, Louis Ledon, John Fayole, Marceline Peraygrasse, and Edward Legendre. Louis Rochette, who was detained on the way, is expected soon. Rev. James Moran, another priest, an Irishman, arrived there a short time ago.

OHIO CLIP.—It is estimated that eight million pounds of wool will this year be sent out of the State of Ohio to the Eastern markets. The average price of this year's clip is thirty cents per pound. The great mass of it is used in the de laine factories of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

LARD OIL.—There are 40 manufactories of lard oil in Cincinnatti, which have put up within the past year one and a half million gallons of lard oil, and five million pounds stearine for candles.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES—at the present time is in the Indian Territory, 120 miles west of Missouri. The present center of our representative population which is constantly movingwestward, is ascertained, by actual calculation, to be just about the city of Columbus, Ohio.

THE NO-LICENSE BILL lately passed by the Legislature of Illinois prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors in less quantity than one quart, under a penalty of $25; if sold to minors, the fine is increased to $30 to $100.

PRESIDENT BLANCHARD, of Knox College, Ill., estimates that the Methodists in the United States own 218,563 slaves; Presbyterians (Old and New School,) 77,000; Baptists, 115,000; Cambellites, 101,000; Episcopalians, 88,000; other Protestants, 50,000—making a sum total of 650,000 slaves owned by ministers and the members of Protestant Churches in the United States.

A TEMPERANCE CHURCH.—Dr. Tyng, of New York, at a recent Anniversary, said that of the six hundred members of his church, he did not know a *single person* who either drank liquor or offered it to others. And he never saw, in any of their dwellings, any of the paraphernalia of drinking.

CONSUMPTION OF ARDENT SPIRITS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—A return to Parliament, the 4th of January last, makes the amount of duties paid on ardent spirits in the united kingdom, for home consumption, to be twenty-five millions of dollars! What an ocean of intoxicating drinks must have been consumed!

NEWSPAPERS.—The number of newspapers taken by the people of the United States annually, averages over sixteen to every inhabitant, man, woman, or child. In the British empire only one person in twelve thousand takes a newspaper, in Belgium one in 25,000, in Russia one in 33,000, in Prussia one in every 20,000.

TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA AT THE ISLAND OF GRAND CANARY.—A London paper gives late advices from the Island of Grand Canary, which state that out of a population of 8000, which the island contains, at least 3000 have perished of cholera.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—[illegible] ... the Indians knew of [illegible] ... Taylor Gilmore, [illegible] ... New Hampshire, [illegible] ... hood, in the year of 1792, found the effervescent [illegible] ... afterwards became famous.

[illegible]

[illegible] ... New ... where ... abundant in their contributions to the pleasures of society. For ourselves, let us say, once for all, that we feel no respect or affection for such as delight to terrify and mangle the loveliest, and gayest, and most innocent of the Creator's workmanship in all the Animal tribes.—*Congregationalist.*

A TERRIBLE GUZZLER.—A most extraordinary beer drinker has just died in the north of France. He drank ten quarts a day, from the age of 18 to that of 60, and the average of his daily consumption, during the 61 years of his existence, was at least four quarts, giving the enormous amount of 132,960 quarts during his lifetime. The excise on this quantity would be over $600. He was also an inveterate smoker, and in 75 years used over 8,000 pounds of tobacco.

MR. BENTON'S HISTORY.—The New York Mirror says the Messrs Appleton have concluded an arrangement with ex-Senator Benton for the publication of the political work on which he is now engaged in his retirement. It will form a single volume of about 800 pages octavo.

NEW TEMPERANCE HALL.—A new Temperance Hall has been opened in Chatham Square, which will seat about five hundred persons. The buildings are exceedingly tasteful and elegant, with complete ventilation. Statues of Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, are arranged behind the speaker's stand, which is very well adapted for comfortable speaking.

Mail Schedule for California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, 11 P. M., daily except Sunday. Stockton mail, 6 A. M., daily except Monday. San Jose mail 5 P. M., daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, 4 P. M., daily except Sunday. Stockton mail, 4 P. M., daily except Sunday. San Jose mail, 8 A. M., daily except Sunday. Offices supplied—Benicia, 2. Martinez, Junction New York, 3. Santa Clara.

SACRAMENTO.—ARRIVALS—San Francisco mail, 6 A. M., daily except Monday. Stockton mail, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 P. M. Volcano mail, every Sunday at 6 P. M. Placerville and Columa mails, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 P. M. Auburn mail, every Wednesday and Saturday. Georgetown mail, every Wednesday at 6 P. M. Nevada mail, every day at 7 P. M. Marysville mail, every day at 1½ P. M. Shasta mail, every Monday. Salt Lake mail, 30th of each month.

DEPARTURES—San Francisco mail, 2 P. M., daily except Sunday. Stockton mail, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Volcano mail, every Thursday at 7 A. M. Placerville and Columa mails, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 A. M. Auburn mail, every Tuesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Georgetown mail, every Monday at 7 A. M. Nevada mail, every day, at 7 A. M. Marysville mail, every day, at 7 A. M. Shasta mail, every Tuesday, at 7 A. M. Salt Lake mail, 1st of each month. Offices on the above routes—1. Benicia, 2. Staples' Ranch, 3. Jackson, 4. Mormon Island, 6. Salmon Falls, Louisville, 7. Rough and Ready and Centreville, Grass Valley, 8. Vernon, Fremont, Nicolaus, Yuba City, 9. Fremont, Colusi, Monroeville, Moon's Ranch.

MARYSVILLE.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail 2 P. M. daily. Bidwell's Bar and Hamilton mail, every Tuesday, at 6 P. M. Downieville mail, every Wednesday, at 7 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, 7 A. M. daily. Bidwell's Bar and Hamilton mails, every Saturday, at 7 A. M. Downieville mail, every Thursday, at 7 A. M. Offices supplied—Park's Bar, Dobbin's Ranch, Foster's Bar, Goodyear's Bar.

NEVADA.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, daily at 7 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, daily, at 7 A. M. Offices supplied—Centreville, Grass Valley, Rough and Ready.

PLACERVILLE.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M. Offices supplied—Mormon Island, Columa.

AUBURN.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, every Tuesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 7 A. M.

GEORGETOWN.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, every Tuesday.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, every Tuesday.

VOLCANO.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, every Friday, at 6 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, every Saturday at 6 A. M.

DOWNIEVILLE.—ARRIVALS—Marysville mail, every Saturday, at 7 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Marysville mail, every Sunday at 2 P. M. Offices supplied—Park's Bar, Dobbin's Ranch, Foster's Bar, Goodyear's Bar.

BIDWELL'S BAR.—ARRIVALS—Marysville mail, every Saturday, at 6 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Marysville mail, every Tuesday at 7 A. M.

HAMILTON.—ARRIVALS—Shasta mail, every Saturday. Marysville mail, every Saturday. Bidwell's Bar mail, every Tuesday.

DEPARTURES—Shasta mail, every Monday. Marysville mail, every Tuesday. Bidwell's Bar mail, every Saturday. Offices supplied—1, Lassens, Chico, 2, vide Marysville to Bidwell's; 3, Marysville to Bidwell's Bar.

BENICIA.—ARRIVALS—Sonoma mail, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 6 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Sonoma mail, every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 8 A. M. Offices supplied—Napa, Vallejo.

SHASTA.—ARRIVALS—Sacramento mail, every Friday. Hamilton mail, every Wednesday. Big Bar mail, every Friday.

DEPARTURES—Sacramento mail, every Saturday at 7 A. M. Hamilton mail every Thursday at 7 A. M. Big Bar, every Saturday, at 8 A. M. Offices supplied—1. Colusi, Monroville; 2. Lassens, Chico; 3. Weaverville.

SONOMA.—ARRIVALS—Benicia mail, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 P. M.

DEPARTURES—Benicia mail, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8 A. M. Offices supplied—Vallejo, Napa.

STOCKTON.—ARRIVALS—San Francisco mail [illegible]

[illegible]

JACKSON.—ARRIVALS—Stockton mail, every Wednesday.

DEPARTURES—Stockton mail, every Thursday. Offices supplied—Double Springs, Mokelumne Hill.

SONORA.—ARRIVALS—Stockton mail, every [illegible] ... Mariposa [illegible] ... Ferry, Oak Spring, Wood's Diggings.